JOHN BULL, AUGUST 30, 1924 — *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* — Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 952. — SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1924. — TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

So this is ENGLAND!

by

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

Special Offer Repeated.
(By Request)

Below will be found a repetition of the message published on the front cover of "JOHN BULL" dated July 5th. Already gratifying letters about the merits of the Soap have been received by the AUSTRALIAN SOAP CO. A large number are telling their friends about the Special Offer and the wonderful Soap, but they are handicapped because some of them cannot purchase it in their particular district, and they have not kept the front cover of "JOHN BULL" dated 5th July. Another opportunity is therefore given you of taking advantage of this Special Offer.

All those who send for the four tablets will be doing the same as the previous ones have done. They will be recommending their friends to send their 1/- along for four tablets of the best quality, and purest perfumed Toilet Soap they have ever come across.

Special Offer to Readers of "JOHN BULL"

Send this advertisement, with 1s. Postal Order, and we will send you **FOUR** tablets instead of **THREE**. Use one; if not satisfied, your money returned in full under the "John Bull" guarantee.

AUSTRALIAN SOAP CO.,
215-217, Mare Street, Hackney E.8.

Wembley TOILET SOAP.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)

10/- now

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed

CATALOGUE Post Free

Complete range of Models

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

JU-JU'S LUCK

IS BECOMING A BY-WORD.

It is an amazing magnet of good fortune. Do not despise Ju-Ju's help. This famous Nigerian Mascot almost compels success. Here is proof from actual letters received :—

"*It has proved wonderful.*" M. B., Hastings.

"*I have won over £5 at Whist Drives.*" F. S., Lockwood.

"*My luck has changed.*" G. F., Staffs.

"*Your luck-bringers are best on record.*" G. C., Glascote.

Say good-bye to ill-fortune. Wear Ju-Ju and win Fortune's smile.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamage's, London.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons both men and women—who were complete'y bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by a compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to—

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 E.S.), London, W. 1

VENEREAL DISEASES.

"QUACKS."

Quack treatment is not only expensive it is useless, injurious, and illegal.

A sane person would surely not consult a Quack about a dangerous illness, yet many people do so as soon as venereal infection is suspected and are often falsely informed that they are diseased; the recognition of the disease, or freedom from it, demands expert medical skill and attention.

To consult Quacks is greatly to increase the risk of dangerous results; they gradually deprive their victim of courage and cash, while the disease, though sometimes apparently better, in reality grows obstinately worse.

The only sure road to recovery is to consult your own doctor, or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

Full information (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

Five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free. Six useful booklets for Girls, 1/5 the set, post free. Seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/6 the set, post free.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

A CHORUS OF PRAISE FROM EVERYWHERE

"THE TIMELY CHEQUE."

"I received your cheque to-day. I cannot thank you enough for same, it will just come in handy for things I require owing to the trouble I have had through the shock I suffered from the fire."—(Signed) Mrs. HARRY BELL, 10, Eastern Crescent, Garden City, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.

"THE MAN WHO DID."

"Thanks for your cheque in full settlement of my claim for damages sustained through the whirlwind which visited Belfast last month. The people on either side of me sustained the same damage, but they were not insured which they now regret."—(Signed) S. C. GEMMELL, 62, Montrose Street, Belfast.

"GAME AS A GODSEND."

"I received your cheque for £138 for loss of left eye through an accident at home. I have been unable to follow my occupation for some time, so just for my own satisfaction I had from the accident. I had been ill for some weeks. Your cheque came as a godsend. Your paper, apart from the insurance, is worth the price charged for it."—(Signed) J. G. COLVER, 57, Plumstead Road, Woolwich, S.E. 18.

"MORE THAN VALUE."

"Thank you for cheque received on account of clothing burnt by fire. I was very satisfied with the way you paid same, as I had no trouble, and I shall do my best to recommend to my friends the value of taking "John Bull" in every week. One not only has the paper but the free insurance as well."—(Signed) Mrs. S. F. VINCENT, 38, Craven Street, Kingsland, Southampton.

"FULFILLED ALL PROMISES."

"I am instructed by my sister to tender you, on her behalf, her heartfelt thanks and praise for the settlement of her insurance claim. We consider that your settlement has been quite prompt, and has fulfilled all promises made. I shall certainly publish the fact in the locality and join the scheme myself."—(Signed) W. J. JENKINS, 31, Alan Terrace, Owenton, Port Talbot.

"PROMPT AND SYMPATHETIC TREATMENT."

"I am in receipt of your cheque for £5 5s. I cannot express in words how grateful I am to you, and also for the way in which you have dealt with my case. Your prompt attention and your kind words of sympathy and good wishes will remain in my memory. I am thankful for the day when I registered myself as a reader."—(Signed) W. H. EDE, Holyrood, South Petherwin, Launceston.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID—13,257.

Sign the forms now!

OUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 30/8/24.

OUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 30/8/24.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O./cheque '& Co' and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib. J.B. 30.8.24

To commemorate the EMPIRE EXHIBITION we will send a beautiful 2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR Pencil, complete with refills and clip, and emblazoned in gold, with the Wembley Insignia, *free* to every purchaser of the "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Empire Pen.

SEND NO MONEY

The "JOHN BULL" Empire Pen is fitted with the latest self-filling device and 14-ct solid gold nib. Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/- Price 5/6 including clip and postage; two years' written guarantee.

THIS COUPON BRINGS A 2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR FREE!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to Start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

SELL "Superlyl" Toilet Preparations. Biggest Profits. Sample Range 2/6.—"Superlyl," 21, Linwood Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.

DRAPERS, Makers-up, Beginners.—Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths.—Levy's, Ltd., 30A, Commercial Road London, E.1.

LACE & EMBROIDERY, wholesale.—Torchon, Vals, Guipure, Filet, Voile, Flouncing, Longcloth. Free list and lace cuttings.—Albrit Lace Co. (Dept. B.), 115-6, Houndsditch, E.1.

BIG Opportunities for Small Traders.—Special cheap lines in hosiery, underwear, blouses, jumpers, overalls, shirts, collars, ties, etc. Illustrated catalogue free.—S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

WANTED, Tea Agents. Commencing salary, good prospects.—Smith & Kay, Spring Street, Bury, Lancs.

AGENTS WANTED.—Christmas Chocolate and Tobacco Clubs. Best makes. Generous Terms. No outlay. Write NOW. Parties Free.—Austin Davis, Dept. J.B., Regent St., Sheffield.

AGENTS wanted for renowned "Snowball" Christmas Cards & Calendars. £3 weekly easily made. Samples free. Highest comm., 50 per cent.—Dept. F., Minster Press, Preston.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

CHRISTMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs.—Agents wanted. Good commission and special present. 140 choice lines. Send p.c. for price lists, club cards, etc.—Dennis & Co., Dept. B., Albert Road, Colne, Lancs.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good cash comm. No outlay. Best makes. Write early to qualify for special Prize Scheme. —Embassy Chocolate Co., BRIGHOUSE.

AGENTS wanted for the "Mascot" Christmas Cards. Book of exquisite Cards and Calendars free. Commission to 50 per cent.—Write to-day.—Thos. Hobkirk and Co., Preston.

AGENTS WANTED.—Make Money in spare moments selling Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc.—Write, Imperial Art Co., Dept. B., HULL.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Up to 6s. in the £ commission. Best goods only. No outlay. —Parties., Midland Confg. (Dept. J.), Shipley.

AGENTS reqd. form Xmas Choc. Clubs; best makes only; 4/6 in £ com.; no outlay.—Popular Co., Dept. B., 71, Judd St., W.C.1.

XMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs.—Agents wanted; spare time; good commission; no outlay; over 120 different kinds, many novelties.— Write, State Chocolate Co., 27, State Buildings, Gt. Horton Road, Bradford.

CHOCOLATE Clubs.—Agents wanted; generous terms. Largest variety, best service.—W. Garratt, 20a, Stockley Street, Northampton.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ALL MEN WHO ARE DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR PRESENT JOBS and want a better one at a higher salary, can learn how to get one by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

SENSATIONAL CUT IN PRICES OF JUNO BABY CARS

1/6 WEEKLY

Art Lists Free

Cash from 55/-

British made, carriage paid.

Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation.

Money returned if dissatisfied.

Write NOW for FREE coloured Folders. (Dept. DJ)

JUNO BABY CAR CO., (Props.) Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd. 246 & 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate; 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 24s

ACTIVE AGENTS wanted (either sex) to sell Private Xmas Cards. Experience not essential. Samples free. Beautiful designs. Latest Novelties. Best order-getting book. Highest commission. £1,000 in prizes.—Write, Firth Graham Co., Dept. 126, Accrington.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter Riggers), Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Engine Driver Fitters, Power Station Engineers, Instrument Repairers, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers, and Wireless Operators. Age limits: Ex-Service or skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, 18 to 30; all others, 18 to 26. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2., or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 58 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept.60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS "POSH."—6/- only buys the British-made "Climax" Patent Trousers Press. Solidly constructed, with nickel fittings and polished Jacobean, this press is wonder value. It is sold direct to the public by the manufacturers, The London Road Manfg. Co., Staines, Middx., and the price includes carriage anywhere in the U.K. Send to-day.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Built up to a standard—not down to a price. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, 17, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

THE Pram your Baby would choose is "The Bolton"—the lightest and easiest running carriage made. Besides having all nickel fittings, this carriage is beautifully upholstered and finished. £6 17s. 6d. will bring it carr. paid to your door on approval. Write direct to the Factory for Catalogue No. 10. S. Bolton, 390, King-land Road, London, E.8. (Advt. on page 23.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Smae Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

You halve the COST

by purchase direct from the actual manufacturers. Why? Because you avoid any additional profit claimed by the shop-keeper.

(MODEL No. 2a.)

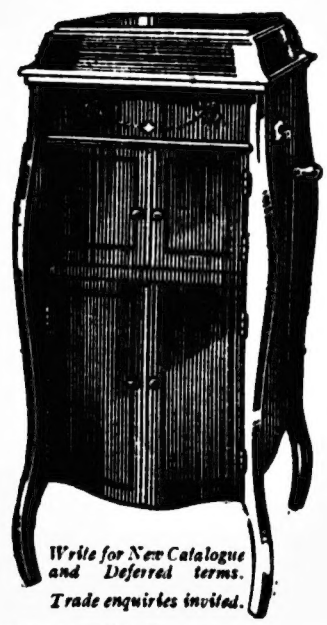
Mahogany finished Cabinet, as illustrated, but not inlaid, Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, high-grade Sound-box, and latest 1924 improvements.

FACTORY PRICE £6:6:0

or 6 monthly payments of £1:2:0.

(No. 2. Inlaid as illustrated, £6:10:0)

Direct from factory at half shop prices.



A full range of Models on view at:—

The CABINET GRAMOPHONE Co. (Dept. J.B.), 229, Gt. College St., Camden Town, N.W.1

North 2335.

and at The Service Co., 289, High Holborn, W.C., and T. & J. Roberts, Ltd., Moorhead, Sheffield.

Write for New Catalogue and Deferred terms.

Trade enquiries invited.

7 days' free trial. FULLOTONE *12 months' guarantee*

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicake Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or Instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS! SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!—Our sumptuous 164-page Catalogue, measuring 11 inches long and 8½ inches wide, ABSOLUTELY FREE. Cheaper prices than any other firm. HERE'S PROOF! Cycles £3 17s. 6d. Easy payments, 2/3 weekly. Cyclometers, 2/5. Tyres, 2/11. Horns, 11½d. Cycling Caps, 4d. Electric Cycle Lamps, 2/6. Carriers, 9d. Puncture Cure, 3d. Chains, 2/3. Silver Plating Outfits, 1/3. Thousands of other goods at prices which will simply amaze you. Saving of 5/- in £ guaranteed. Write to-day.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue Free. Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Colnor, Derby.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, &c.; TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—To prove that you can be permanently cured without operation, drugs, bandages, failure or relapse, we will send our NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Instant relief guaranteed. Expert male and female attendants.—Call, write or 'phone for full particulars of our FREE APPROVAL OFFER and Booklet "B," LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

PILES, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES. YROC, the Wonder Cure of an Age Old Italian Monastery. Amazing results. 1/3 oz. tin proves it.—May Garland Co., 19, Hornsey Rise, London, N.19.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself for your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GOITRE. Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 14), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Ailing people. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never Fail. No drugs. Trial free.—Percivals, Ld., 67, St. Albans.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 45 pills 9d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free.—HALL'S HYGIENIC CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing complaint in children, invalids, and adults quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Write for parties.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.—The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD., 1618A, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

A BOOK ON HERBS.—How to blend, make and take them; sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

WRITE for full particulars of the new speed model of the wonderful Ner-a-Car.—Address, The Sheffield Simplex Co., Ner-a-Car Works, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames. Mention *John Bull*.

LIVE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN TOWN.—An interesting Free Booklet, "F.X.," on this matter can be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull*.

CRESTONA ICED CHOCOLATE CAKE is delicious—easily made from Crestona Chocolate Cake Mixture. 9½d. packet makes a cake. Your Grocer sells it.

EAT TRISCUIT FOR HEALTH.—Contains the wealth of wheat, prepared in the world's most hygienic food factory. Most grocers sell Triscuit, but if unable to obtain send 1/2 and two full-sized packets will be forwarded, post free. — Write, The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., 26, General Bldgs., Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

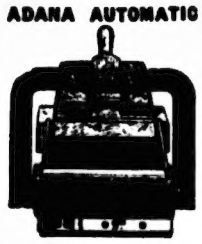
ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

ADANA AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

Printing Machine



45/- Complete Plant.

THIS massively constructed Printing Machine is the most wonderful of its kind, being sold at a tenth the price of any other of the same size with similar advantages. It is capable of turning out every class of printed matter

FROM A CHEMIST'S LABEL TO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

including Perforating, Creasing and Box-making. The finest malleable iron and mild steel used in its construction. Smooth running, speed, accuracy and simplicity are maintained to the highest efficiency. Standard metal type, type case and complete accessories, together with excellently illustrated instructional book, are included in the above-quoted price. Full illustrated particulars, in two colours, togther with samples of work, sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. THE "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept J.B.2), 34, King Street, Twickenham, Middlesex.

MOST COMPACT PRINTING PLANT IN THE WORLD. Can be purchased by small weekly instalments. Ask for terms when writing.

GRAVES

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price)

10/- NOW

Delivered on high road to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed

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Quack treatment is not only expensive it is useless, injurious, and illegal.

A sane person would surely not consult a Quack about a dangerous illness, yet many people do so as soon as venereal infection is suspected and are often falsely informed that they are diseased; the recognition of the disease, or freedom from it, demands expert medical skill and attention.

To consult Quacks is greatly to increase the risk of dangerous results; they gradually deprive their victim of courage and cash, while the disease, though sometimes apparently better, in reality grows obstinately worse.

The only sure road to recovery is to consult your own doctor, or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

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"I received your cheque to-day. I cannot thank you enough for same, it will just come in handy for things I require owing to the trouble I have had through the shock I suffered from the fire."—(Signed) Mrs. HARRY BELL, Eastern Crescent, Garden City, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.
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"I am in receipt of your cheque for £5 5s. I cannot express in words how grateful I am to you, and also for the way in which you have dealt with my case. Your prompt attention and your kind words of sympathy will remain in my memory. I am thankful for the day when I registered myself as a reader."—(Signed) W. H. EDE, Holyrood, South Pether-win, Yr. Lanc. [illegible]
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Reader's Name.....Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

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Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 30/8/24.

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

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Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

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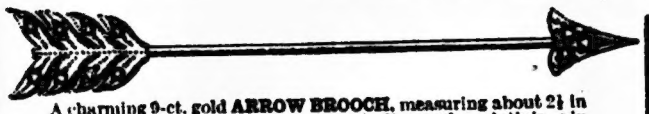

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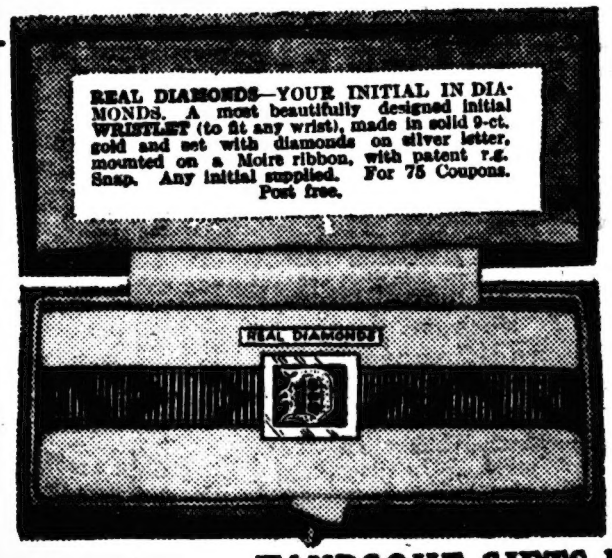

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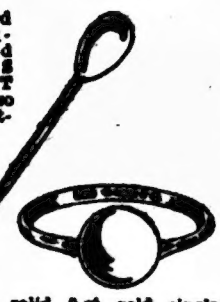

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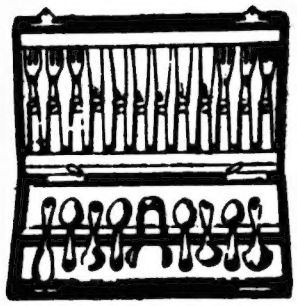

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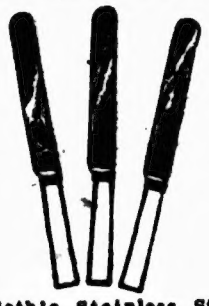

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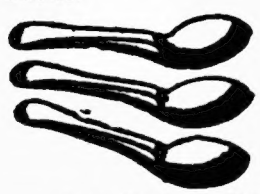

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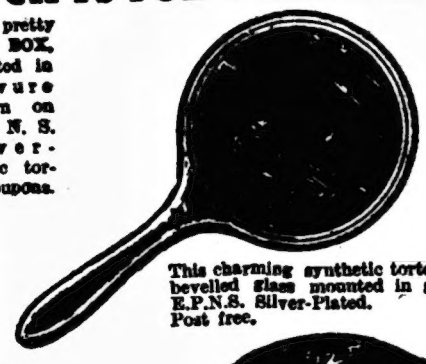

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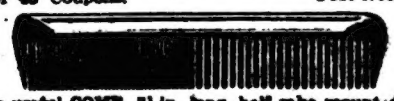

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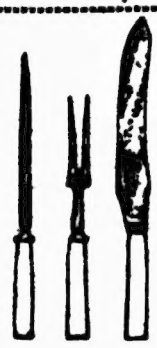

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J.B. August 30

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Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 30, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

For the People—
the Right
to Justice
& Truth.

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MacDonald's Triumph.

By agreeing to inform Britain of the provisions of any Franco-German commercial treaty before it is signed, M. Herriot has done a courageous thing. It is a great tribute to our Premier's faith in the merits of "open" diplomacy.

The Final Touch.

The Premier's visit to the League Assembly will round off his work if, as he hopes, it results in the admission of Germany to the League as a full member.

Another Opportunity.

The Egyptian explosion is the outcome of all the muddled militarism of recent years. Good will is more powerful than martial law. It has pacified Europe, and will equally settle the Sudan.

Why Suppress the Facts?

The £1,000,000 Russia borrowed from the British Co-operative Society has all been repaid. A nasty one for those who are screaming themselves hoarse against the Russian loan.

Sixes and Sevens.

There exists a big cleavage of opinion in the Cabinet, although the "personal quarrel" between MacDonald and Snowden is merely an "August" stunt of the Scare Press. A reshuffling of posts during the recess is, however, a distinct possibility.

A Coming Change.

Before long Colonel Wedgwood will be given a department to rule over. He is too valuable a debater to be left outside.

Do it Thoroughly.

The Chancellor has ordered the spending departments to estimate expenditure on more businesslike lines. He must go further and weed out the incompetents who are responsible for the huge discrepancies.

Up and Up and Up.

There is every prospect of a big rise in the cost of living this winter. We repeat our demand for the reconstitution of the Ministry of Food.

Starving Millions.

For six weeks in succession the number of unemployed has steadily increased. What a winter we are facing unless some statesmanlike move is made without delay!

Very Nice, Too!

It is becoming all too frequent for Ministers to disclaim Government responsibility when addressing meetings. It is a new political principle—and a rather disquieting one.

Dawning Wisdom.

"We cannot be isolated," says President Coolidge. It has taken America a long time to learn the truth, but both she and the world will gain by its realisation.

Unnecessary Expense.

Now that agreement has been reached over reparations and the Ruhr, there is no further excuse for the occupation of Cologne. Bring the troops home.

Counsels of Despair.

Professors of Economics blandly announce that 500,000 is a normal figure of unemployment. We differ. A single unemployed man is an abnormality that no decent society should tolerate.

The "Bedouins."

Much mystery is surrounding the efforts of Sir Beddoe Rees to form a Centre Party to fight Labour. It need not: it is merely another attempt at a Coalition.

The Week's Best Joke.

The advent of the egregious De Valera into the Ulster controversy disturbs no one unduly. But there is a subtle humour in the fact that his arrival was greeted with a salvo of fog signals!

Down the Drain.

Since the Armistice we have spent £100,000,000 in Mesopotamia. Lord Curzon says it is not because of oil. Then what, in the name of common-sense, *is* it for?

Lest Worse Befall.

The Mining Association is very angry with Lloyd George—which doesn't matter at all. But the public is very angry with the Mining Association—which matters a great deal. If they are wise, they will put their house in order while they may.

Dirt the Enemy.

"Tuberculosis is on the run," say medical authorities. When we have abolished slums and housed the people decently, it will be dead.

Why Don't They?

The French Cabinet has held a special meeting to discuss the cost of living, particularly the price of bread. Our own Cabinet might do a lot worse than imitate it.

An Unpardonable Deal.

The scrapping of Gretna at knockout prices requires an explanation, particularly as the expenses of caretaking were more than covered by grazing rent. It was national property—and highly valuable.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT.
A Chorus of Praise from Everywhere.
See page 2.

A Job for Wheatley—

The rent strike and consequent evictions on Clydebank have become a serious matter. There must be an enquiry into what is really happening in this area.

—And Another for Webb.

After falling 3s. a sack, flour has risen again by 1s. 6d. When is this game of see-saw to end? And who is responsible for it?

Preparing to Grab.

After the wheat ramp, a huge cotton ramp is in preparation. Already Lancashire is feeling the effects. It is time international action was taken against these gamblers in food and raw material.

Deliberate Price-raising.

Rubber plantations are now only allowed to produce 55 per cent. of their normal output. When rubber prices soar, you will know the real reason.

A Cool Admission.

"For the time being Brewery shareholders need not worry," says the *Financial Times*. With the fantastic profits at present extracted from dear—and bad—beer we should say not!

Facts and Fancies.

Present railway fares are not unreasonable, say the railway companies. The fact that in the first six months of this year receipts from passenger fares decreased by £1,250,000 hardly confirms their view.

Forcing the Pace.

As we predicted long ago, the competition of the non-combine petrol companies has caused a flutter in the dovecotes of the mighty. Good for them!

An Urgent Reform.

We commend to the notice of the Government the appalling conditions that prevail on cattle boats coming from the Argentine to this country. A searching enquiry is an immediate necessity.

Stealing Public Rights.

The stealthy encroachment on the people's rights on the Norfolk Broads must be sternly checked. We look to the Government to take immediate action.

Right on the Spot.

"Nutrition," says Sir George Newman, "is the foundation of the public health." Nothing could give greater point to our campaign against the poisoners of food.

Blow at Profiteers.

As a result of the Covent Garden strike, farmers and fruit-growers are finding they can do without the middlemen. Such direct trading is a useful step forward.

Make the Roads Safe.

The menace of the drunken motorist is becoming a serious scandal. The only remedy is to ensure that a driver, once convicted of drunkenness, shall never drive again.

Cottage Clerks.

The homeless on the borders of Barnet are casting glum looks at a cottage erected under a housing scheme but commandeered as offices by Barnet Rural District Council and the Overseers of Elstree parish. The sooner the clerks give themselves notice to quit and act on it the better. The cottages were built as homes, not offices.

Underground Derby.

A collier, admitted to Frickley Cottage Hospital with skull and ribs fractured, has brought to light the fact that the dark underground workings are sometimes used as racecourses poor pit ponies as race-horses—a dangerously reckless custom which is to be stopped. Two of the coalpit jockeys, William Wildman and Joseph Hodgkiss, are having a taste of the punishment in store for those who indulge in it. This may warn others off.

Gilt-edged Minutes.

One of the best paying businesses in the country to-day is the Post Office Telephones service. And no wonder. When one of our readers moved from his house where a telephone was installed to another, where, also, there was a telephone, he had to pay £2 5s. to the Post Office because they "refixed" the instrument in the new house by putting in three screws only. No wire or other fittings were touched. He contested the charge and the P.O. came down to £1 5s. But even 25s. is good pay for a few moments' work.

Brotherliness.

"You cannot put him in here," a callous unknown motorist coolly remarked when little John Clark had been knocked off his cycle by a motor wagon in a Bradford thoroughfare. It meant all the difference between life and death to the poor lad that he should be conveyed without delay to the infirmary, and all the motorist did was to slam the door of his car against the boy and drive away. Conscience should give the inhuman unknown an uneasy time now that little John is in his grave.

Wetting the Baby's Head.

In North Wales is a little town called Festiniog which is not in danger of becoming famous for its milk of human kindness. In a torrential downpour the wife of a hawker gave birth to a child by the road side. Dr. R. Lloyd-Jones attended the case and was soaked to the skin in so doing. The mother and child must have been similarly drenched. And yet they spent the night under a tent of old sacks that was rapidly constructed, and were not removed to a house until the following morning. Festiniog's shame.

Fleecing the Motorist.

Unless the City of Wells alters its methods it will gain an unenviable reputation. Wells is a centre for wealthy visitors who motor to the city, and many of them, seeing a wide open space at the side of the Abbey leave their cars there while they go inside. They then find themselves "held-up" by an official of the City Council who demands payment for the privilege of parking the car. We advise the Council to exhibit a notice to the effect that a charge is made, and then to see that some return is given for that charge. We are not convinced that this is legal at present.

The D.C.M.'s Lament.

Cannot new regulations be drafted to deal with the question of hawking? Forty-five street traders appeared before the Sheffield Court for hawking in prohibited streets; one of them made her nineteenth appearance. Three costers at Holloway were fined for obstruction with their barrows. At Swansea a hawker was fined for a similar offence, not even his D.C.M. saved him. "If I had been a vagabond sponging on the public I would have been given a chance," he declaimed in the Court, "but because I tried to earn an honest living I am put down."

The Human Machine.

THE POWER HOUSE

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE importance of will-power cannot be exaggerated. The will is the power-house of the Human Machine. Will-power is the great motive force that lies behind every activity of the body or the mind.

It is given to few of us to be of the truly heroic cast of mind, the type of mind that combines iron will-power with sound reason.

Nevertheless, it is an ideal to be aimed at, and the nearer we get to it the easier life becomes.

"Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck," says Professor James, "are things that warm our hearts and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things, and able to suffice unto itself without them, is the sense of the amount of effort which we can put forth."

In other words it is the consciousness of a strong, well-disciplined will that enables even the man who is "down and out" to rise again, and battle with the world and win.

"He who can make no such effort," says the same writer, "is a shadow: he who can make much is a hero."

The game of life, particularly in these days, is no child's play. It is a game for men who can stand up to the world, who can keep their hearts unshaken and their heads erect.

In the long run the amount of effort we can put forth, the measure of our will-power, is the measure of our worth as men.

The world is what we make it. Life is what we will to have it.

Unless we don the armour of a strong will we walk ever on the "perilous edge."

Will-power alone can carve a path to success. It is worth an effort to attain.

A Stupid Practice.

Of all unsuitable places for horse-riding exercise we can imagine none worse than a seashore crowded with children at play. Bournemouth is one of the places where this nuisance is allowed, it being no uncommon sight to see a spirited horse ridden at a stretch-gallop from one end of the beach to the other. One of these days a child will be killed if the senseless practice is not stopped.

Helpless Sardines.

Rotherham's tragedy is that so many of its population are unable to obtain the homes they need and for which they can afford to pay. In four and five-roomed houses in the town there are from twelve to seventeen persons herded together under conditions which are a menace to health and morals. When does Rotherham's Housing Committee mean to set about the task it was appointed to do?

The Scarlet Letter.

Many grossly indecent letters have for some time been passing through the post in Yorkshire, one of them, couched in the vilest terms, being addressed to a fifteen-year-old child who was on a visit to Purston from Goole. The police managed to lay their hands on the writer of the wretched stuff, Ernest Harper, of Featherstone, and he is now undergoing a month's morality course in jail. A warning to other similar miscreants.

Towards Cheaper Food.

We congratulate the Ministry of Agriculture upon a definite step towards the reduction of food prices. A Commissioner of Markets has been appointed, whose duty it will be to devise improved methods of production and distribution of food, and to collect information for the use of the Ministry. So far, so good; provided that when the facts are ascertained Ministers are prepared to take decisive action.

Holiday Swag.

In various parts of the country workers bilked of holiday savings are looking for the treasurers of their holiday clubs, who have gone on holiday with the money. In several cases, firms like F. and D. Wilson, of Little Horton, Bradford, have generously made up the deficiency so that the workers would not be cheated of a holiday. Our appreciation of the directors is as great as our detestation of the mean sneak who has robbed the hands.

Preying Speculators.

In a communication to the Press one of the leaders of the British milling industry admits without question that the present inflated prices of flour are due to the operations of "American gamblers" and to "faked statements about a coming famine." Readers of Mr. A. G. Gardiner's recent article in these columns will have been prepared for these assertions. The human race has not yet learnt the elements of self-preservation.

Secret Diplomacy.

We are interested to discover whether a Labour War Minister allows himself to be hide-bound by the military pedants as have his predecessors who stood in the way of any true enquiry into Lieut. Glendinning's case. Until a scrupulously fair tribunal deals with this and proves Glendinning's accusations to be false, judgment will go by default against the War Office. Will the acts of the Socialist, Mr. Leach, again deny the principles of his party?

A Bigot on the Bench.

Asked to sign a form of conscientious objection to vaccination, Mr. J. Ratcliffe Cousins, the Woolwich stipendiary, exclaimed, "Take it to someone else. I have a conscientious objection to signing such a document." In a magistrate, who is paid £1,500 a year to administer the law as he finds it, such an attitude is a piece of intolerable impertinence. Perhaps the Lord Chancellor will have a talk to Mr. Cousins. There is no room on magisterial benches for autocrats with prejudiced souls.

Collecting for St. Dunstan's.

Sir Neville Pearson, Bart., informs us that the "without deduction" collections for St. Dunstan's are no longer made. Now the charity imposes an agreed limit on the expenses, and the balance goes to St. Dunstan's. He adds that his Council entirely concur in our observations on this matter. It should be made clear that Mr. W. J. Owen, the St. Dunstan's Concert Director, never has had anything to do with any proportional basis of profit-sharing. He is paid a fixed fee—and has frequently reduced it when the takings were not as good as expected.

"Without the Option."

In reference to the above in our issue of August 16, Mr. Walter Williams, of 11, Witchampton Street, London, N.1, states that last year he was fined the sum of £30 or two months' imprisonment at Old Street Police Court, and asked for a few hours to pay, as he had not the actual amount in his possession at the time. The magistrate, Mr. Clarke Hall, refused, and also gave directions that no time should be allowed for payment. Mr. Williams was sent to prison although well able to pay the fine. We think these cases are a public scandal, and an unnecessary expense to the country

Hunting the Hawkers.

David Ludford, a Londoner, who has the D.C.M and two plates in his leg, was fined 30s. at Swansea for obstructing traffic with his fruit-barrow. He asked for time to pay: the police objected as he might clear out of the town and leave them short of the fine. Here is a man they call a nuisance, but they won't let him get away. The game of hunting the hawkers is a merry one—except for the hunted.

Punishing the Parents.

The Guernsey papers are publishing official advertisements from the States office, signed by the Secretary of the Homes for Workers' Committee, offering temporary accommodation for families with no small children. It is a scandal that a public body should penalise people for doing their duty to the State and rearing families—the future protectors of this country. Has it any explanation to offer?

Lure of the Limelight.

The Actors' Association might well spend a little of its time stopping the exploitation of dancing troupes by persons who get together six or eight girls, pay them a few shillings a week for pocket-money, board and lodge them at a very cheap rate, and then obtain a fee of anything between £12 and £20 per week for the troupe. At least half this fee goes into the pockets of the exploiters, which means, of course, a very easy living for them. They don't mind what becomes of the girls.

Forewarned.

Readers are warned against a new form of an old swindle. A pamphlet is left at a house offering linen, tweed and other cloth at very low prices. As the goods are very good quality the unsuspecting one buys the cloth. The following day a man drives up in a car representing himself as a tailor and offering to make the cloth into a suit at a very low figure. The unsuspecting one hands over the cloth which he never sees again. Now that we publish this warning it is to be hoped that swindle will die out.

A "John Bull" Ministry.

Each week we are able to record fresh successes achieved by our Pensions Editor. This time he has secured a good pension for Mrs. Watson, 14, Eden Street, Blackpool; a pension for Robert Jarred, of King's Lynn, and for C. H. Beal, Wincobank, Sheffield. In each of these cases our Pensions Editor has found that the Ministry is animated by a desire to give the fullest consideration to the facts that he submits, and to work with us in remedying all proved cases of genuine hardship.

Fighting Long Odds.

Joseph Letton, of Hacton Lane, Hornchurch, Essex, has been sent to prison for a month—the thirteenth time he has gone to prison for the same offence, refusing to pay for an illegitimate child which he says is not his. A man who goes to prison thirteen times rather than pay seven shillings a week is clearly convinced of his case. The magistrates could not alter or revoke the order, but they told him he could see, when in prison, the Governor or the Visiting Justices or the Prison Commissioners. Obviously Letton needs advice. The Home Secretary ought at once to look into this case.

Sabbatarian Nonsense.

The local police at Oxton, Birkenhead, having presumably nothing better to do, lately discovered, or thought they did, that joy-riding by motor on the Sabbath day was an offence against the Lord's Day Observance Act, 1667. So they "chanced their arm" with a summons against Mr. G. G. Barnard, a local motorist of blameless repute. The magistrates very wisely declined to convict. We presume that if Mr. Barnard had been found guilty he might possibly have been fined 3s. 4d. What piffling rubbish it all is, to be sure.

Problems of Life.

CONSEQUENCES

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE article "Not Beyond Remedy" continues to bring me communications. In fact it has brought me more than all the others I have written for "John Bull" put together.

Many of my readers want to believe what it says, but are doubtful about it.

They say it contradicts the facts of experience, especially bitter experience; that a man must reap as he sows; that if he rushes on ruin he must bear the consequences.

One correspondent wants to know if a life that ends on the gallows or in a Lock hospital is not beyond remedy, and if so whether it can be true that the effects of folly and sin may be neutralised.

People who reason like this do not see far enough though their vision is clear as far as it goes.

Granted that the one all-pervading law of life is the law of cause and effect, does it cease to operate when our mistakes have brought disaster upon us? No, it goes on working, and we can use it to turn bad into good.

We learn by our mistakes and rise upon our failures.

Consequences do not "stay put." Every consequence has further consequences; it is ours to see that we make the best of them.

Throw sewage into the ocean, and in time it will not only be rendered innocuous but transmuted into life-building forces.

Finality is not to be sought in the sewer but in the purifying embrace of the sea.

Even so the last word is not with the gallows or the Lock hospital, but with eternity.

Not in spite of, but rather by means of, the consequences of our errors we mount to freedom and power.

"Very Odd Oddfellows."

Further investigations into the matter referred to under this heading recently throw an entirely new light on the subject. It transpires that the Countess of Darlington Lodge was not wholly responsible for the position in which Mr. and Mrs. Davis find themselves, and we regret any unpleasantness the Lodge may have been caused as the result of the article in question.

The Woman in the Cage.

The Jersey Royal Court, which had before it a woman charged with a false declaration as to the birth of her child, had her fined and imprisoned and then put in a cage, like a beast in the Zoo, to be exhibited. We say it is a scandal. No man may be punished twice for the same offence. This woman was punished thrice, and the cage business is barbarous. The king should be advised to remit the sentence at once.

Let Erin Remember.

Because Mary Carty was about to be confined her employers at a Galway hotel turned her out into the street a few hours before the birth of the child. The child was born in the small hours of the morning in a disused outhouse of the Docks while a crowd of men looked through the window. In her despair the mother covered the baby with a stone in the corner of the shed and there it died. Such a tragic incident is a disgrace to Ireland.

Why Marry?

The happiness of a husband and wife is not the primary object of marriage, in the opinion of the Rev. Henry Day, of Wakefield, but the generation of children and their education. Yet wedlock, stripped of happiness, would be the world's greatest illusion. And lust its environment.

A Broken Reed.

In Paris is a music firm called Victor Oliver, whose business methods leave much to be desired. A London reader sent cash for a supply of reeds: the cash was acknowledged, but the reeds have not reached London yet although the money was sent on June 6 last. To the letters that our reader sends, Victor Oliver makes no reply. Moral: Buy goods from British firms.

Pig Tales.

Once again our warning of the menace of the Oriental and negroid vermin who infest our ports has been justified. Cardiff Customs found raw opium containing 10 per cent. of morphine, enough for 14,000 doses, in the cookhouse of the *Ocean Monarch*, and Ah Wan, the cook, was fined £50. We advise the shipowners to pack Ah Wan back to China and put a white cook in his place.

Removing an Heirloom.

When the advice of Arthur Richards, 11, Fulwood Place, Holborn, is sought on a question of health he invites the enquirer to take up a course of his treatment for £1 1s. He explains that "your blood is impregnated with uric acid to a far greater extent than is usual, and that either one of your parents or grandparents left you this legacy." Unfortunately, the letter is a stock one, probably sent to all and sundry. Richards is a quack.

The Dollar Long-distance Voice.

The Perfect Voice Institute, of Chicago, Illinois, run by a Mr. Feuchtlinger, is circularising people in this country offering them the prospect of becoming, by correspondence methods, a Caruso or a Galli Curci or a Titta Ruffo. He asks for five dollars down and five dollars a month for fifteen months. If all his pupils become Carusos the market value of Carusos will slump like the Austrian mark. Keep your money here: don't listen to the perfect voice of the siren.

"The Matchless Bargain."

With reference to our recent article under this heading the Belgian Chamber of Commerce in London write to say that they have received many complaints of the Allied Traders' Export and Import Co., of Middelkerke. It appears that the proprietor is not a Belgian at all, but is an Englishman from the East End of London. Readers are warned that he has now left Middelkerke, and is operating from Ostende. Have no dealings with him.

Out of Sight and Mind.

To be advertised as a "Breeder and Exhibitor of High-class Canaries" is to be a big noise in the bird-fancier world. And so J. Healey, of 4, Breck Road, Liverpool, is a big noise. One man supplied him with birds for which he was to pay 31s., but a real big noise cannot be worried about such trifles as payment. It required a reminder from the police to cause him to part up, and even then it was with only 5s. The remaining 26s. is still out of sight and out of mind. Perhaps another reminder is necessary.

Birth Control Blunder.

Even the supporters of popular Birth Control are agreed that great care must be taken in distributing contraceptive information. For that reason we are disappointed to find that the "Parents Clinic," of Plashet Road, London, E. (not a Dr. Stopes clinic), prefer to follow a different course. They have sent to one of our Bullet prizewinners (whose address they must have obtained from our columns) literature offering contraceptive service. Incidentally they forget to stamp the letter. These mistakes must not recur.

Playing at Soldiers

It's what's under the tunic that matters!

THERE are those who can only see in the force and power of the British Army a weapon for bombing natives in Iraq or of defending the loyalty of far-flung outposts of the Empire. They little dream of its more noble functions of which the inculcation of an obedient spirit by means of rigid discipline is not the least.

If Rudyard Kipling failed to see the great value of these noble functions, there is an enthusiastic young soldier in Hong Kong who has learned the value of discipline in the East Surreys.

Corporal James Hockham is twenty-two years of age. When only eighteen he enlisted, following in his father's footsteps—the father who laid down his life in the Great War. But the youthful corporal has early learned that the only way to get on, if one has a fire-eating body of officers above one, is to adhere strictly to the main business of becoming what is known as "a good soldier."

Tale of a Shirt.

Out in Hong Kong the Ten Commandments are contracted into one word, Obedience. And against this word Corporal James Hockham sinned—and sinned grievously. *He wore a singlet instead of a shirt under his tunic.*

Of course no self-respecting O.C. could stand such truly indecent flaunting of authority. There was only one thing to be done; nothing could meet a case of a crime so horrible but an honest-to-goodness court-martial. And so a district court-martial was held, with a real live major as president and a captain and three lieutenants assisting.

The gallant captain explained how he discovered the criminal in the act, but admitted that he was not sure whether the wearing of a singlet instead of a shirt was a breach of a battalion order or of a company command. But he was certain that it was a breach of something or other.

Fortunately for him one of his N.C.O.s came to the rescue and produced an order which commanded that shirts must be worn up to twelve noon. *It was before noon when the accused was caught.*

Comic Opera Justice.

This was too much for the Court. It was bad enough to wear a singlet instead of a shirt, but to do this before noon was a crime too fearful for mild methods. And so Corporal Hockham became Private Hockham.

Meanwhile, we turn from Hong Kong to Whitehall and appeal to the Minister of War to enquire into this astounding case of fire-eating tyranny. Public money has been wasted in a comic-opera court-martial and a fine young soldier degraded for an offence too trivial to be regarded seriously.

Hockham must have his stripes back.

Two-a-penny Miracles

WHAT do you lack? Are you looking for a house? Do you want riches or a holiday with fine weather guaranteed? You merely pay your money and take your choice—that is, of course, if you are a "mug."

ALTHOUGH F. L. Rawson, who ran the famous "Prayer Shop" at 4, Marble Arch, London, has "passed on"—as his disciples put it, the "Prayer Shop," after a temporary lull, is again in full blast.

Left without their leader, the faithful band realised that they must be up and doing if they were to keep their prestige among their "clients." Their first step was to raise salaries all round, in order, as Dr. John Shaw MacLaren—the "Head of the Department of Healing"—explained, "to demonstrate prosperity."

Clearly the art of throwing sprats to catch mackerels is understood by the exponents of "True Prayer." A "demonstration of prosperity" is more likely to catch mugs than an exhibition of poverty!

Besides, it is ever so much more comfortable for the demonstrators.

"Whenever Rawson opened his mouth," said Dr. MacLaren, "gobbets of truth came out. Sometimes," he added incautiously, "gobbets of nonsense came out instead."

The late F. L. Rawson, founder of the Prayer Shop.

Verily, a prophet has not much honour in his own country!

If you are to "demonstrate prosperity," you must, of course, have the wherewithal to do it. Even prophets must live.

Fortunately "there's one born every minute," as the Americans say, and if anyone will part with two guineas there is nothing the Prayer Shop will not do in return. They undertake to obtain houses for the homeless, jobs for the workless, cure illness and disease, and generally make life worth living.

And all for two guineas a time!

It rather spoils the effect, of course, to learn that the two guineas must be paid in advance. They don't believe in payment by results at the Prayer Shop.

Perhaps they're wise!

For the trifling sum of 1s. 6d. the earnest enquirer can purchase a book entitled "True Prayer in Business." In reality it is priceless. Nothing like it has been seen outside a lunatic asylum.

The great idea is that every trouble under the sun can be cured by right "treatment."

Do you, for instance, ever have unwelcome visitors? "To avoid these," says the book, "you can realise that there are no unwelcome visitors." Simple isn't the word for it! "If you are unfortunate enough to have a fire," it goes on, "you will find that a good treatment will stop it at once." In case you are thinking that the right treatment is a fire-engine and a few thousand gallons of cold water, let us hasten to quote some more. "In working against a fire you can realise that there is no fire."

It sounds too good to be true!

From cover to cover the book is full of gems of rare wisdom. Here are a few:

"It is important for a man to be clean in his work."

"Untidiness constantly arises through want of method."

"Dull and depressing weather always affects business more or less, sometimes seriously."

"A man often has more work to do than it is possible for him to carry out."

And all this conglomeration of trite nonsense can be yours in return for 1s. 6d.!

If Mr. Wheatley would only go and have a chat with Dr. MacLaren he would be able to solve the Housing problem in next to no time—and at the small charge of two guineas a head.

"People who want houses must first realise that they don't want houses," he says. "We are all God's thoughts, we have no material being. Therefore, we don't want houses. When we realise that we shall find it a simple matter to get a house."

Exactly what that means, we don't know: but it is worth noting that Rawson's disciples, being painfully aware that they were material beings, wanted a house and got one given to them rent free!

And at 4, Marble Arch, London, the "Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer" finds that in its case, at anyrate, the "treatment" has been extraordinarily successful.

According to "True Prayer in Business," miracles are two a penny. By "treating" you can stop rain, prevent goods being broken in transit, get money, cure cancer, stop strikes, prevent theft, find gold, keep perishable goods intact for vast periods, and scores of other desirable things.

And if you can't work these miracles yourself they will work them for you at the Prayer Shop—for two guineas.

At any rate, they will be glad to take your two guineas

You may—or may not—get the miracles.

New Light on Bright Sparks

What's good for the goose may poison the gander—and a dead royal physician can tell no tales.

DESPITE our recent exposure of the Ajax electric ramp, the firm is still at its dirty game, and unsuspecting people are being badly swindled. What makes this worse is the fact that most of the victims are poor people wracked with severe physical pain, relief from which they seek in the bogus appliances advertised by Ajax, Ltd., and its offshoots, the British Electric Institute and the Electrological Institute.

These concerns work from 25, Holborn Viaduct and 56, Ludgate Hill; out of this London location they make full capital whenever any victim threatens legal proceedings by pointing out that they would have to come to London to start the action.

There is an afflicted home at Torquay where the mother, an invalid for twenty-five years, has been bedridden for the past sixteen, while the father suffers from rheumatism and paralysis of the throat, being unable to speak as a result. To this man and his wife the floridly worded advertisement of the Electrological Institute came as a ray of hope.

Believing that a cure for his ills was within his grasp, the man parted with £20—the savings of years—for an electric belt with various attachments. But for that £20 the man has received nothing.

Another man in Kent hearing that electrical treatment was a good thing paid £4 down and promised to pay a similar amount in instalments for a belt.

Hardly had he parted with the money when his doctor warned him against the transaction. He immediately cancelled the order, but although no goods had been dispatched the Electrological Institute refused to accept the cancellation unless he surrendered £2 of what he had paid.

One reader went to the extreme course of calling the attention of the institute to our previous exposure. The manager apologised for the seven weeks' delay in replying by explaining that he had "been so busy at the institute looking after those patients who appreciate the immense value of this treatment and obtained cures by it."

To clinch the argument the Superintendent tells of the testimony "of the greatest experts" to the value of the institute, tailing off into a pathetic statement that "evidence given by royal physicians, even if they are defunct, is every whit as good as that given by royal physicians to-day."

It is difficult to believe that even a defunct royal physician spoke well of the electrological belt stunt, but even so, thousands of ordinary people stigmatise it as a swindle.

A Human Beast Returns

A MAN whose record is one that appals decent-minded people, and who for some time has lived abroad, has returned to England. We warn the authorities and ask them at the same time to investigate the activities of another evil-liver who is corrupting the youth of this country.

WE have said so many things about Aleister Crowley, the Beast, the past-master of every form of esoteric vice, that we should have thought he would hide his diminished head in some obscure foreign city, and shun the shores of the native land he has disgraced.

We entirely under-estimated the shamelessness and audacity of the Beast. He is once more in this country, once more haunting the West End of London, and, we need not doubt, once more seeking fresh victims to waylay and plunder.

How did he get into this country? In the circles of the vicious and depraved that he frequents, stories are going round that he got here on a false passport; and that he had the impudence to pose as a well-known British peer.

The Home Office should certainly look into this, for it is a serious responsibility to allow a degenerate like Crowley into this country. We can inform the authorities that he is at present staying in a hotel in the Tottenham Court Road district, and they ought to have no difficulty in tracing him.

Crowley is a notorious perverter of youth and innocence. He organises indecent revels for men and women, and even brings children into his shameless orgies. A young Oxford graduate died in the Abbey at Cephalu, under mysterious circumstances. His wife subsequently fell under Crowley's influence, and she has been quite unable to shake it off.

It is probable that Crowley will meet, while he is London, that equally notable pervert who calls himself Dr. Ramanandah Ommah, who has a fine house in Kensington Gardens which he pollutes by his presence and practices. Some years ago this nasty Persian impostor was sent to jail for an offence against a young boy. He is apparently incorrigible. He contrives to frequent the society of young boys, and we have a series of complaints of his vicious conduct. He is assisted in his home by a woman named Sister Monica, who, when the Prince (as he was called) was in jail for eighteen months, gave out that he had gone home to Persia or India to settle his affairs. She met him when he came out of jail and escorted him to Kensington Gardens, where he now carries on a boarding-house.

So notorious is his predilection for the society of young boys that the neighbours chalked on the pavement outside the house the legend: "The Abode of Love," and the Prince actually went to the police about it. They did not offer him much sympathy. They knew too much.

Crowley uses women, because they are financially useful to him. So does the Prince. He is interested in a business called Cernoline, Ltd., of 21, Golden Square, Piccadilly. It deals in cosmetics and things like that, and he obtained control of it by imposing on a woman. Cernoline, Ltd., is not registered at Somerset House, which is an offence; so that the police can get in touch with the preposterous Prince on this score if on no other.

With men like Crowley and Ommah in the West End of London, the possibilities of luring unsuspecting people into compromising positions are greatly enhanced.

When he was last here, Crowley used to give lectures on "Free Love" in the house of a titled woman in the West End. His slogan was "Love whom you will, when you will and how you will," and it was his speciality to explain the inferiority of sexual love as known to ordinary and normal people to the system he had invented and recommended.

Ramanandah Ommah, the mystery prince.

Crowley likes especially to cultivate the society of young men from the Universities. To them he talks of art and of the ways of the ancient Roman and Greek philosophers and especially of the school of the hedonists, or those who believe that the highest good in life is to be obtained in the pursuit of pleasure.

One of the side-lines of the Crowley philosophy is the sale of drugs. He professes to be able to teach people how to use drugs without harm, drugs which deaden moral sensibility, inflame the passions, and heighten the pleasures that are offered in the Crowley school of vice-culture.

The police can get on his track in this way, and that should form an adequate excuse for coping with him.

Neither Ramanandah Ommah nor Crowley are wanted in this country, and in the interests of common decency and public policy it ought to be made impossible for them to exercise their baleful influence here, and stain the reputation of London by arranging for profitable abominations that would disgrace a monkey-house.

Fishing with a Long Rod

You have heard of the Magic Carpet. Here we tell the tale of the Elusive Linoleum!

LAST week we complained of the methods of Carpetoleum, Ltd., of 132, Newington Causeway, S.E., who advertised for agents and informed applicants that they were required to invest £20 in the company before securing the job. This firm provides other grounds for criticism.

In the Press have appeared advertisements offering "Carpetoleum," which is claimed to be "rot-proof, damp-proof and sanitary," which can be purchased for 2s. per square yard. When unsuspecting people send in cash for quantities of this "Carpetoleum" they discover that once the firm has secured the money there is no undue haste to supply the goods.

A reader in the North of England sent £3 for twenty-four yards on July 7, but despite repeated postcards to the firm, the floor covering has not yet arrived. In fact, requests for "Carpetoleum" or the return of the money have been studiously ignored.

In the South of England the case is just the same. A reader in Hampshire sent £1 2s. 6d. for nine yards; that was nearly two months ago, and the goods purchased have yet to be received.

According to the literature sent out by the firm, "all goods are packed free and sent to any part of the United Kingdom" while the terms are "cash with order." But while the potential customers fulfil their part of the bargain and send "cash with order," there is not always the same readiness on the part of the firm for the goods to be "sent to any part of the United Kingdom." A woman at Penrith is still waiting for the goods for which she paid on June 18 last.

It is passing strange that none of the many complaints we have received is from a London reader—it may be that the distance lends not enchantment so much as a sense of security to the Carpetoleumists.

A woman reader at Hadlow sent money for a supply of this wonderful floor-covering. She received the usual answer—silence. But as she had a brother in London she put him on the track of the firm.

Their excuse to this gentleman was that the pattern selected was not in stock; "we will forward so soon as fresh consignment comes in." After a little badgering by the brother the firm eventually sent off some goods, but these were neither according to sample ordered nor sent carriage paid as undertaken.

The headquarters of "Carpetoleum" (previously J. Leech & Co.; previously Floor-noleum Co.) are two rooms, one chair, a table and a youthful clerk. With such elaborate premises it may seem wiser to the firm not to encourage dissatisfaction among Londoners.

Wangles at Wembley

Lovely presents that make the purchaser wild.

NOT only is the British Empire Exhibition one of the greatest attempts of its kind; it is also one of the greatest achievements. And for that reason alone it is to be hoped that the authorities will take steps to eliminate all those more or less minor defects which have a tendency to detract from the success of Wembley.

The greatest defect, as it is the greatest surprise, is that at an Exhibition run solely in the interest of the British Empire and its trade, foreign made goods should be offered for sale. But that is the startling truth.

Mystery Pearls.

Hitherto, the synthetic pearl industry has been exclusively French; in fact, pearl experts say that these imitation pearls cannot be made in this country owing to atmospheric conditions. Be that as it may. The fact remains that one well-known firm in this trade bowed to the terms of the agreement with the Exhibition and went to the extreme length of opening a factory near London where it claims to make the pearls it sells at the Exhibition.

But what of the three or four other firms dealing in this class of goods? They do not claim to have installed a British manufactory—can they deny that their pearls are made on the Continent?

One firm that deals in carnival novelties had to provide a £50 bond which would be forfeit if they sold any goods not made entirely within the Empire. They are naturally annoyed to discover that their competitors are selling toys that were "Made in Germany." A British Exhibition to encourage German-made toys!

Complaint has at various times been made to the authorities. On one occasion they admitted that some foreign made goods had been sold "by inadvertence"; in another case they argue that they have no control over the concessionnaires who own the rights of the Amusement Park.

Made in Germany.

But these sound very lame excuses. Certainly they do nothing to subdue the ire of the unemployed ex-soldier who buys a toy for the kiddie marked "Made in Germany."

A Perth visitor the other day took home two souvenirs—beautifully painted glass orgaments. Arrived in Scotland he showed these very proudly to his friends and relatives. Imagine the feelings — and the language—when each ornament was inscribed "Made in Germany."

The ornaments, further, depicted views of the British Empire Exhibition!

It may be that the authorities are having a job to make the Exhibition a financial success, but that is no excuse for allowing German-made goods to be sold there. A closer inspection must be made.

A Knave of Clubs

Why whist-drivers need watching.

AS the evenings draw in the whist drive will become increasingly popular, and, as with all popular pursuits, there will be found many participants ready to use the whist drive for purposes of trickery. From such the public must be protected by the organisers of the drives.

In the majority of cases drive organisers are only too anxious to ferret out the tricksters, as is proved by Mr. F. Ramsden, of Derby, who, in the course of his experience as a drive organiser, claims to have captured and exposed 262 cheats. His latest capture was Frank L. Reynolds, of Wolverhampton.

The whist drive took place in the Co-operative Hall of that town, the first prize being £3 5s. When the rounds were concluded Reynolds represented that he had a score of 184 and was accordingly awarded the first prize.

During the week Mr. Ramsden, as usual, compared the scores of the winner with those of his opponents, and certain discrepancies were discovered. The police were informed, and next day Reynolds found himself confronted by two detectives.

It transpired that Reynolds had altered several cards during the course of the game in order to obtain the fictitious score of 184. For his pains he was fined £10.

In view of the millions who take part in whist drives and of the very high prizes offered, and the fact that there is a gang of whist drive crooks at work in London and the provinces, we warn drive organisers carefully to scrutinise cards and to supervise the progress of the game.

A popular pastime must not become the happy hunting-ground of crooks.

That this danger is real and imminent is proved by the fact that at one London drive the organiser carries a revolver.

'Neath Juggernaut Wheels

HUMAN life is far too sacred to be ruthlessly cut down, and when this does occur the healing balm of sympathy should be applied to the wounded spirit. When that is missing then the tragedy is made doubly bitter.

LITTLE Doris Buckley is the eight-year-old daughter of a Stoke-on-Trent worker living at 129, Leek New Road, Cobridge. Less than a year ago she was as bonnie a child as could be wished for—to-day she is a physical wreck, maimed for life.

With two other children she was walking on the pavement one Sunday afternoon in October when the two sons of the Member for the division (Mr. Harper Parker, M.P.) were joy-riding, with a friend, on a motor-cycle and side-car. Some distance from the girls the machine was stopped and the man on the pillion seat changed places with the other one in the saddle.

How it Happened.

According to two onlookers the one who left the saddle then explained to the other how to drive the machine.

The machine made one or two fairly slow runs up and down the street, and then all at once, for some unexplained reason, it dashed on to the pavement. Whether it skidded or whether the steering apparatus got out of gear, or whether the inexperienced driver lost control, it is futile to conjecture. The result was that little Doris Buckley was smashed into by the machine and pinned against the wall.

Dr. Goode of Burslem was fortunately on the scene, and found the plight of the poor child pitiable in the extreme. She was unconscious, her face black, and the top of her head cut and bleeding.

The doctor sent for the police ambulance and had the child taken to the North Staffs Infirmary. Nurse Green, who sat with the child all night, states that little Doris did not regain consciousness until the next day, and there were serious doubts as to her recovery at all. In the nurse's words, the child's "head and face were only a pulp."

Doris lay in the hospital for three weeks with a fractured skull. Since her release she has continued to suffer terrible pains in her head, and she vomits blood. She has had to have continual treatment and attention. In fact the parents have had to concentrate all their attention on the child to such an extent that their little business has been so neglected that they have had to part with it and are now in a very distressful position.

Accidents will always happen, of course, but when the victim is a little girl and a worker's home is smashed up by the act of the sons of the local Member of Parliament, some steps should be taken to minimise the effects of the accident. What do we find?

Although the driver of the machine was Mr. Reg. Parker and the passenger was his brother, Mr. Horace Parker, their father, Mr. Harper Parker, M.P., seemed to take no personal interest in the plight of the victims or the accident. In December, Mr. Harper Parker himself was, we regret to say, taken ill, but for the three months prior to that he never even called to ask how little Doris was or send one word of sympathy to the parents.

For all he appeared to trouble, the accident might never have happened at all.

Maimed for Life.

Meanwhile the parents are left with a maimed child; their business has gone; there are doctors-bills unpaid and special nourishment to be provided for the invalid child. Does Mr. Parker know?

Another strange aspect of the case is this: After the accident the police took statements from the eye-witnesses and Mrs. Buckley; and then went to Mr. Parker's house for statements. For some reason best known to the police, after that visit to Mr. Parker, *they took no further action.* Perhaps Inspector Smith of Burslem can explain this. We cannot.

An equally tragic family is that of Mr. George Hedgcock, 112, Stevenson Street, Wavertree, Liverpool. The joy of this home was little Pauline, but the rough hand of Death quenched the life and laughter of the little one, leaving the parents with the agony of broken hearts and a silent home.

A year ago Mrs. Hedgcock was at the door with little Pauline when she suddenly saw her child beneath the wheels of a heavy van belonging to Thomas Henry & Sons, of Belmont Road, Anfield, Liverpool. The mother rushed and pulled her child up but the wheel had already passed over her head.

Silence that Hurts.

At the inquest the coroner attributed the accident to a gust of wind blowing the child under the wheel, which, again, is a perfect accident. But, again, the accident is made more heartrending by the attitude of the owners of the vehicle.

They sent no representative, other than the driver, to the inquest. They have sent no message of sympathy or regret to the grief-stricken parents. No flower from the firm accompanied the little coffin to the grave.

If it had been a dog that had been churned to death beneath the wheels of their van they could not have acted more heartlessly.

The first anniversary of the tragedy took place a few days ago. We wonder whether the firm thought of it at all?

It is not that people involved in accidents like this are criminal; it is the fact that they are so unfeeling that makes the accident so tragic. If they only had received heartfelt sympathy the grief of the parents in both cases would have been somewhat assuaged.

The Years Forgotten

Hunting's fine—when the hunted enjoys the game.

WHAT are we going to do with ex-soldiers who have been unable to find regular employment, and are trying by honest means to eke out a precarious living, to keep their wives and children from the workhouse and themselves from the dole?

The magistrates of Chester City answered this question, when Alfred Wyatt, an ex-officer of the R.A.F., was charged with traffic obstruction. He was playing a piano on a lorry, and was summoned for allowing it to stand in Bridge Street for an unnecessary time.

Wyatt stated that he served as an officer from 1915 to 1919, a statement not denied by the police, who said they would not press the charge if he would leave Chester.

Where was he to go to? That was not a matter for the police; they merely wanted him out of Chester. The world is wide, and they are very busy.

Kipling wrote a poem about the Widow of Chester. Perhaps we ought to write another about the ex-captain and his struggle for bread. Possibly a quotation from another of Kipling's poems, however, may be sufficient.

It's Tommy this, and Tommy that,
And "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of his country"
When the guns begin to shoot.

We ask those in authority, who insult their dignity by hunting an ex-soldier from town to town, whether this is the way to honour the official pledge of a land fit for heroes to live in.

A King on the Run

Looking for new "flats" to conquer.

IT is not only in his power to plead the Gaming Act that the defaulting bookmaker is assisted in his profitable recreation of fleecing the public.

We have been doing our best, in the public interest, to cut short the activities of a firm of bookmakers calling itself Wilson King and Co., of 72, Finsbury Pavement, and 4, Moorgate Chambers, London, E.C. 2.

We find that 4, Moorgate Chambers is merely Room Number 4 on the first floor of 72, Finsbury Pavement.

It is not now occupied by this firm. It was let to a man named Silverman, who described himself as Wilson King and Co., "Commission Agents."

The landlord did not suspect that a commission agent meant a betting agent. He soon learned it from complaints received from people who could not get paid their winning bets. Mr. Silverman was given notice, and he showed his appreciation by leaving without paying the last month's rent. The last address he gave was 79, Sinclair Road, West Kensington, W.

Mr. Silverman then gave the Post Office instructions to deliver his letters elsewhere, frequently giving similar notice with regard to the delivery of telegrams to his telegraphic address, "King Wilso, Ave, London."

King Wilso has now abdicated, and his disappointed clients cannot get their money.

In the United States there is a criminal procedure for using the Post Office mails to defraud.

We ask the Postmaster-General to take note of this and apply the lesson to cases like that of ex-King Wilso.

WHY DIE YOUNG?

THREE score years and ten is the span of life allotted to man. The great majority die much younger, and they have largely themselves to blame. The secret of long life is no secret at all. Ripe old age can be attained by any man or woman who chooses the right way of living

by J. ELLIS BARKER *The Authoritative Writer on Medical Subjects.*

HEALTH is better than wealth. A healthy beggar is happier than a wealthy invalid. The old Bible tells us: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Unfortunately, if we once have lost our health we may not be able to recover it, even if our means are unlimited, and if our medical advisers are the most skilled and most experienced.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane has told us that medical science cannot cure any chronic disease. Many other eminent physicians have expressed similar views. If a disease has become chronic, if it has been developing during a great many years, if it has caused permanent changes in important organs or throughout the whole body, the evil done cannot completely be undone. In such a case a skilful doctor or surgeon may be able to patch the body, but he cannot make it whole. We can skilfully mend a broken china vase. The cracks may not show. However, it will remain permanently weakened and may go to pieces at any moment.

EVERYONE wishes to keep his health. Health troubles are general. Hence we spend an enormous amount of money on an army of forty thousand doctors, and very likely we spend as much, if not more, on patent medicines. There is a touching faith in the efficacy of the medicine bottle and of the pill-box. Lt.-Col. Fremantle rightly pointed out in this paper that people cannot recover their health with medicaments if they have lost it by a wrong living.

Every experienced doctor knows that medicines are of little avail in treating disease. Nature is the best physician and the best surgeon. We distil in our insides the most wonderful medicines, the most potent serums, the most efficient antiseptics and the most helpful anæsthetics.

GERMS of consumption, and of many other diseases, swarm around us wherever we go. However, the healthy body creates antidotes to the various poisons. The white blood corpuscules rush to any point where germs of disease have entered and swallow them. The swelling around a festering wound is caused by the gathering of a large army of white corpuscules, millions strong, which are fighting the invader. The various body fluids are antiseptic. A dog disinfects his wound very efficiently by licking it, and practises the latest form of medication, serum treatment, by the mouth.

If the invading germs have defeated the local forces opposing them, the entire body goes into the fight and tries to kill the invaders by boiling them to death. That is why we get fever. Fever is not a disease but is the symptom of a struggle between the invading and defending forces, which is going on within the body.

Nature is not only the most wonderful physician, but also the most wonderful surgeon. A surgeon cuts away unwholesome flesh, cleans the wound and stitches it together, or he joins up the two ends of a broken bone. The most important part, the skilful reconstruction of the severed limb or bone, is left to Nature. Small organisms without number rush to the spot, rebuild the tissues or recreate the bone, carefully uniting what ought to be united and making flesh and bone as good as new. The celebrated French surgeon, Paré, used to say centuries ago, when congratulated upon his skill: "I stitched the wound, but the Lord healed it."

According to current belief there are large numbers of diseases which "attack" the human body, exactly as wolves, tigers, etc., might do. Each disease has a separate name and often it is represented by a little micro-organism of its own. Each disease requires special treatment, and the art of the physician consists in finding out what kind of disease the patient suffers from. That is, of course, not always easy. Many a doctor makes a wrong guess, a wrong diagnosis. After all, even the ablest doctor is not all-knowing.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, one of the authorities quoted here.

Rightly considered, most diseases are not diseases in the generally accepted sense, but are symptoms of wrong living or of some mistake or injury.

Let us imagine that six townspeople are boating and that they fall into the water. One of the six has led a healthy life and he merely gets wet, but the other five, who have more or less been weakened by wrong living, get five different diseases.

If six people sit round a table and eat some bad food they may suffer from six different diseases. In both cases the various diseases are merely symptoms of an avoidable incident, and are at the same time symptoms of a weakened constitution.

When a man is ill, he goes to the doctor, and the doctor, knowing that there is a widespread superstitious belief in the efficacy of the medicine bottle, hands over the desired medicament or prescription. Many patients are not satisfied unless the prescription is a long one. Now, most experienced doctors realise that the action of drugs is very frequently unsatisfactory. They sometimes act differently on different people according to their natural peculiarities. Besides, no doctor can be acquainted with the action of the many thousands of medicaments existing.

The finest medicines known to the medical profession are the medicines of Nature. These are only a few in number and the principal ones are: fresh air, sunshine, exercise, right food, cleanliness, etc. In many cases a wise doctor who is consulted by a patient of bloated appearance who complains about eczema, short breath and gout, would advise the sufferer to reduce his diet and to take plenty of exercise. However, he might lose his patient if he thus intimated to him that his trouble was due to over-eating and physical laziness.

Formerly, consumptives were kept in tightly closed rooms and were given a large number of drugs which did them no good. Now the treatment of consumptives consists practically only of teaching them the right way of living, of giving them the medicines of Nature, particularly fresh air night and day, preferably open air, good food and adequate exercise, which is to stimulate the rebuilding activities of the body.

Lt. Col. F. E. Fremantle, whose recent article in "John Bull" is praised by Mr. Barker.

Consumption is easily caught because the germs of the disease are everywhere. We breathe them in wherever we go. Consumption germs may be found in every mouth, and 90 per cent. of the grown-up people have had a consumptive attack at some time or other as a rule, without their knowing anything about it. Usually Nature quickly heals the attacked lungs, leaving a scar or scars.

In my book on cancer I have shown that not only cancer, but most of the diseases attacking the digestive tract, are due to wrong living, to the eating of agreeably tasting but dangerous foods, which clog our insides and lead to auto-intoxication. If self-poisoning through constipation or through the over-consumption of highly irritant foods, spices and drinks, etc., has gone on for twenty or thirty years, if the walls of the stomach or bowels have been permanently weakened, or if the liver and the kidneys have become completely and permanently changed, the patient suffers from a chronic disease.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, whose book and article on cancer have created a sensation.

It is perfectly obvious that such a person cannot be made well with medicines. The may disguise the trouble, give temporary comfort, lessen pain, etc., but they cannot make good the harm which has been done in the course of two or three decades.

Scientists have made the great mistake of dealing rather with the cure of diseases than studying methods of prevention. The doctor acts like the policeman who tries to apprehend the criminal when the crime is done. It is not his business to act as the schoolmaster and to suppress criminal tendencies before they have time to develop.

If we wish to lead healthy lives, free from disease and bodily discomforts, we need not study scientific writings and the views of doctors. We need only enquire into the way of living of those hale, healthy and happy old men and women whom one encounters now and then.

I HAVE met dozens of such people, who at the age of eighty or ninety possessed all their faculties, who had never been ill in their lives, who never took any medicines, who never went to the doctor. These people had instinctively learned, or had been taught, the right ways of living. They worshipped the open air, took plenty of exercise, ate the right food in the right quantities, etc. They were never ill unless they had an accident.

Such old men and women lead healthy and happy lives. They cannot understand why other people complain about their health, take medicines and go to the doctor. They never suffer from indisposition, never require a tonic, and in most cases they die either by an accident or they die in their sleep. Exactly as a clock will come to a stop at the appointed time when it has not been wound up, so old men and women who have led a healthy life die suddenly without pain. That is the natural way of living and of dying.

IT becomes clearer and clearer to me that prevention is better than cure, and that about 90 per cent. of our health troubles are due to wrong living. That view is becoming more and more strongly held by the most enlightened members of the medical profession.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal.**

SIR,—I note that you are going on a lightning tour of the East, with particular reference to the oil question. As you follow the pipe lines from Basra you will learn a lot—if you keep your eyes open. The smear of oil may even lead you from Persia to Mesopotamia. In any case, while you are so near you might just run over there and discover why we're still pouring money into that desert waste. Everybody wants to find out, and nobody seems to know. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.**

MY DEAR PREMIER,—Your skilful handling of the international situation reflects the greatest credit on your ability as Foreign Secretary. The fact that you are also Prime Minister of this country, and therefore responsible for domestic policy, has become rather overshadowed by your triumphs in foreign politics. Don't forget that while you are at Geneva millions of your fellow-citizens are facing a winter of despair. I cannot help feeling that if you put as much energy and tact into home affairs as you do into international problems, things might be a great deal better.
JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.**

DEAR SIR,—Because you dared to speak the truth about the French occupation of the Ruhr and the implications of the Dawes Report, the hounds of the Press Trust have been baying on your trail, seeking to make bad blood between you and the Premier. I know the value of such reports, as no doubt you yourself do. At last we have a Chancellor who is not afraid to put the politicians in their place by the test of hard facts. History will as speedily confirm your views as economic facts are already triumphing over half-baked theories. JOHN BULL.

**To Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD, M.P.,
Ministry of Labour.**

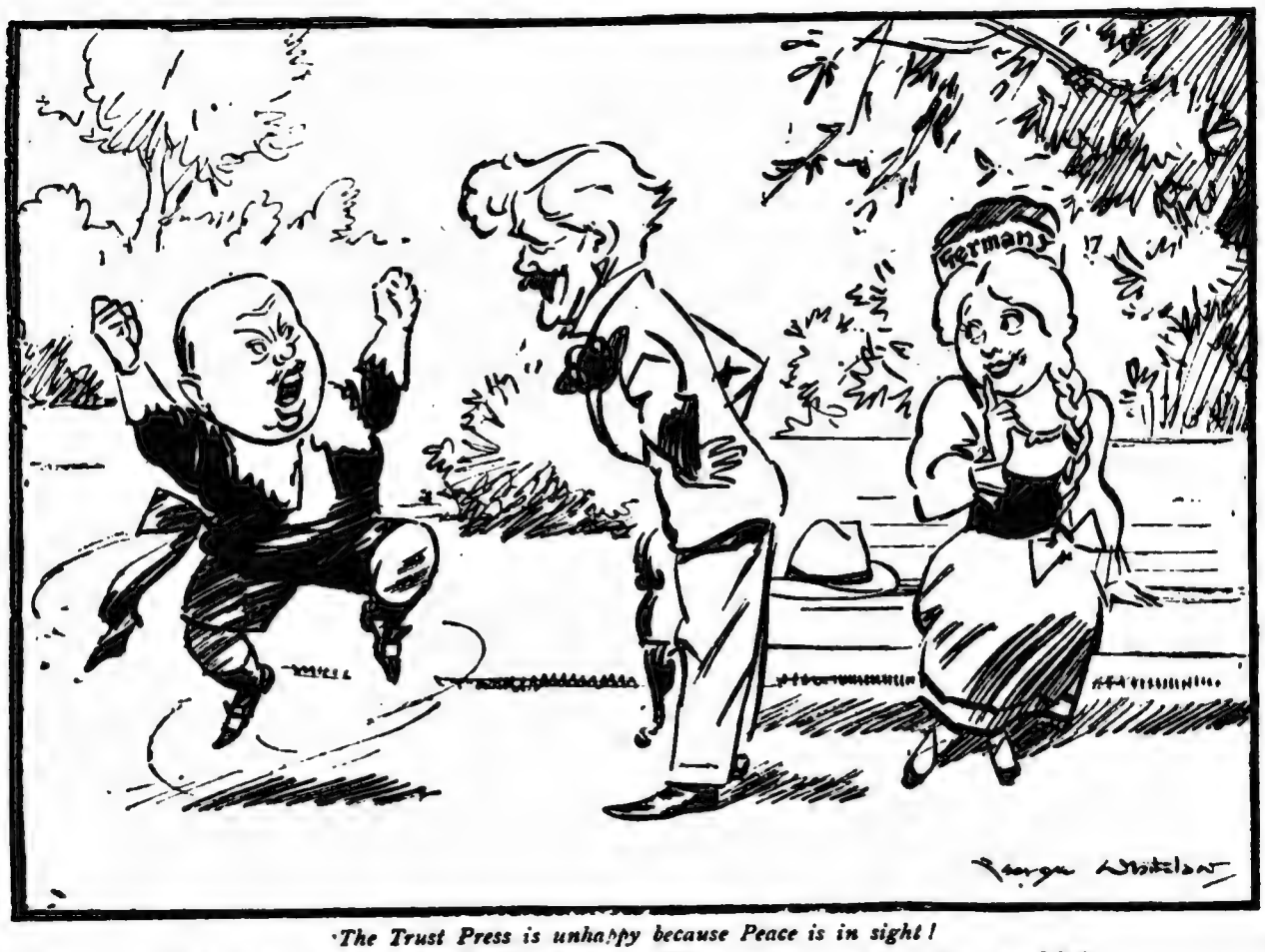
MADAM,—You are doing as much good as a Dispenser of Sound Advice to Women as you do as Secretary to the Minister of Labour. Perhaps more. Especially are you wise in vesting the craft of homemaking with the divine dignity of useful service. You told the I.L.P. Summer School that a woman's place is the home, and a woman's real calling the cultivation of the home. While your chief's job is to find work, your job seems to be to urge women to build homes. And you are right. I have no patience with butterfly women whose sole existence is a round of joy-rides, tennis and cocktails. JOHN BULL.

**To the LORD MAYOR,
Bristol.**

SIR,—Usually old soldiers never die; they merely fade away—into obscurity. When Sergt. H. Blanshard Wood, V.C., died in Bristol, however, you took care that his passing should be honoured appropriately. So for four days he lay in state in your Cathedral, and you yourself headed the long procession of thousands of people who passed in mournful respect and pride by his bier. Such an action is a grand gesture of rebuke to those others who consider a fit return for a soldier's service is an enlistment in the army of unemployed plus an insulting dole. JOHN BULL.

**To WILLIAM LEACH, Esq., M.P.
Under Secretary for the Air.**

SIR,—I am not impressed by your efforts to reconcile the bombing of helpless natives in Mesopotamia with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. It would be better to try something easier. As you very well know we have no moral right in Mesopotamia, which belongs to the Arabs, and to drop bombs on these unfortunate people simply because they do not welcome our usurpation is a gross piece of immorality. No amount of sophistry can alter these plain facts.
JOHN BULL.



The Trust Press is unhappy because Peace is in sight!

The Fat Boy of Fleet Street: "Why did you kiss that girl?"

**To the Rt. Hon. VERNON HARTSHORN, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.**

SIR,—When the cleansing staff of the post office wish to qualify for a postman's job they have to do three years' continuous night work, for six nights a week. When they finally get the appointment they have to start the night duty all over again, frequently for a number of years, before they get any day duty. Such conditions savour of inhumanity. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade.**

SIR,—Whatever the outcome of the strike of Covent Garden porters may be, the dispute has served to focus attention on the deplorable chaos of the present system of fruit and vegetable distribution. I have been informed authoritatively of a notorious instance where a woman had to pay 7d. for a bunch of radishes which the grower, living fewer than twenty miles from her house, originally sold at ½d. You must see that the new commissioner of markets deals with this at once. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir WM. MacEWEN, C.B., D.C.L.,
President, British Medical Association.**

SIR,—At the Marylebone Town Hall a distinguished West End physician, Dr. Donald Baynes, is applying for an old-age pension. He has practically no means of his own, and his total income is about £2 per week. Dr. Baynes, now eighty-two years of age, lost his eyesight about four years ago, and from that moment his fortunes failed. He has been a valiant fighter of disease and a distinguished member of the medical profession. Surely your Association can bring pressure to bear in the proper quarters to see that the twilight of this useful life is not tinged with the tragedy of destitution? JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.
Home Secretary.**

SIR,—Almost every week it is my painful duty to record instances of misplaced leniency on the part of some member of the magistracy towards those prurient beasts whose unclean passions force them to outrage little girls. I do not blame the magistrates who, after all, are put in the invidious position of administering a law that permits astounding variations of penalties. It is to you that I look for an overhauling of the law governing this form of crime. You must narrow the margin of leniency even if it means establishing a solitary standard of punishment for this offence. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. SAMUEL POPE, J.P.,
Magistrate, North London Police Court.**

SIR,—So far as you can make out the building dispute is "a rotten strike." It is. More, it is indefensible in view of the nation's needs. I blame both employers and employed. I blame still more a Minister of Labour that allows such an impasse to come about. "Where there is no vision the people perish." May we soon have a Parliament courageous enough to challenge land monopoly on the one hand and labour monopoly on the other. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir FREDERICK G. KENYON, K.C.B.,
Director, British Museum.**

SIR,—The policy of the Museum seems to be as mummified as some of its exhibits. I am amazed to learn that staff appointments and other business transactions can only be effected by the three principal trustees—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House. So when a two-pounds-per-week messenger is to be taken on these three highly-paid and important personages have to meet to give the fellow his job. Will you convey to the proper authorities my wholesome disgust at such proceedings. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THAT "DON'T CARE" FEELING

The Next Best Thing

THE Prime Minister is to be congratulated on the great part he has played in straightening out the European tangle. The time is now ripe for a courageous advance towards all-round disarmament.

It seems possible that President Coolidge may shortly take the lead in this matter; but if not, let Great Britain call the nations together with the aim of establishing a new order of world-relationships founded on justice and good will. If the leading Powers could reach an agreement to reduce their armaments on a concerted plan, it is impossible to exaggerate the good results that would follow.

Immediately the taxpayer would experience a measure of relief which would give a fresh stimulus to every branch of industry; and at the same time money would be set free for those urgent plans of social reforms which, under the present Government and its predecessors, have been starved for want of funds.

Millions now wasted on guns, tanks, and aeroplanes might, for instance, be used to provide pensions for widowed mothers and dependent children; or to furnish educational facilities for the children of all classes, from the elementary schools to the Universities.

There is scarcely one of the long array of costly social reforms shortly to be discussed by the Trade Union Congress which would not be brought within the range of practical politics if only disarmament could be brought down from the realm of dreams to the bedrock of constructive statesmanship.

Here is the British Premier's next great opportunity. No nobler task can be conceived.

The Price of Justice

OUR best wishes go with the petition recently submitted to the Lord Chancellor calling for an enquiry into the law's relations with the poor. That the inability of poor people to obtain legal aid and advice promptly and cheaply is a fruitful source of hardship is undeniable.

The scandal is one which has been regularly exposed by JOHN BULL, and we welcome the news that others are following our lead, and bringing pressure to bear upon the most powerful trades union in existence.

A Labour Lord Chancellor should lend a sympathetic ear to the demand for justice for the least fortunate sections of the community. Under our present system complete justice cannot be had without competent legal aid. The Poor Persons Department renders valuable services whenever possible, but, unfortunately, the work of these officials is very much restricted owing to the lack of funds.

The Cost of Illness

PREVENTABLE illness is responsible for one of the biggest bills that the nation has to pay. And many of the items are due to the neglect of publicly paid officials.

MINISTERS of the Crown in these islands are high-souled men, with lofty motives and noble ideals. Almost without exception they mean extremely well. How is it, then, that the pace of progress is so slow, that social ills are rampant, that only slow and painful inches are gained in the fight against poverty and disease?

Let us see. The Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, Sir George Newman, has just issued his annual report. It is a wonderful document breathing the finest traditions of our public service. But the bitter truth must be told. Far too many men and women die before they are fifty. Cancer and other internal diseases still slay their tens of thousands.

The Rt. Hon. J. Wheatley, chief custodian of the nation's health.

"Probably," says Sir George Newman, "loss of time from work due to sickness, most of which is preventable, costs the country ten times more than all that is lost through strikes."

Faced with such facts and figures, the man in the street will naturally want to know the reasons for the Ministry's sad failure to realise its life-saving and health-promoting ideals.

"NOT very long ago," says the Chief Medical Officer, "the Ministry was at pains to devise an excellent 'Health Programme' for every Local Authority, directed towards the elimination of preventable disease and the definite fostering of healthier conditions among the people."

This document had a wide circulation; but as Sir George Newman sadly admits, quite a number of Medical Officers of Health ignored it altogether. They will not be taught. They are content to muddle on, preferring an obsolete rule of thumb to the teachings of modern sanitary science. And the saddest part of it all is that the Health Ministry is apparently powerless to stir these mugwumps into action.

What is the use of the Ministry printing and circulating, these instructions if Local Authorities merely toss them into their waste-paper baskets? At least the names of the defaulting authorities should be made public so that the ratepayers, who pay the piper, may call a different tune.

Better still if the Ministry, instead of these mild suggestions, would send out orders that must be obeyed. The means of control in health matters should be tightened up. If necessary we must have new legislation to enable our well-meaning Ministry of Health to do its duty to the public.

FOR months we have been warning our readers of the dangers of dirty milk, which is one of the perils to health mentioned by Sir George Newman. Why does not the Ministry demand compulsory powers to deal with this filthy scandal?

Only last week we had the report of the Food Enquiry Committee condemning the use of formaldehyde as a meat preservative. Yet only the mildest of remonstrances, hardly even a warning has been issued, and, of course, these poisonous tricks go on.

It is a thousand pities that the pious intentions of Whitehall should be so thwarted in practice. We trust that before Sir George Newman presents his next annual report, the Ministry of Health will have been armed by Parliament with the powers it needs, if it is to protect the people from dirt and disease.

Peers Without Honour

A GRAVE responsibility rests upon persons of rank and title who, without proper enquiry, allow their names to be used by company promoters whose aim is to cheat the public.

We do not allude, of course, to such a penniless peer as Lord Haldon, who would lend his name, for what little it is worth, to any scheme calculated to snatch a sixpence.

We are thinking rather of gentlemen whose ordinary conduct is beyond reproach, but who for some unaccountable reason allow their names to appear on company prospectuses of the shadiest type.

Readers who follow our weekly exposures of these money-snatching concerns will know exactly what we mean. Many of them would never have the hardihood to face the public at all had they not managed to beguile a peer or a baronet into an apparent approval of their hollow schemes.

The glitter of a title lends an air of respectability to promotions which would otherwise be shunned, and unsuspecting investors are thus tempted to part with hard-earned money.

Only in a very few cases probably are these highly-placed personages aware of the true character of the enterprises they are backing, but even so a vast amount of harm is done.

The nobility and gentry—as the old phrase goes—should be more careful in their choice of financial protégés: or else one of these days there will be a worse scandal than usual, and some noble lord or belted knight will be left to stand the racket.

Shylock's Wife

OF one thousand three hundred and eighty money-lenders in Liverpool and Birkenhead, one thousand one hundred are women. These harpies prey upon the poor.

A single case is typical. Yielding to the blandishments of one of these female Shylocks a family borrowed £20, which they were unable to repay. The loan was renewed on a bill of sale for £40.

Again the payments fell into arrears, and finally the money-lender, whose original loan had been more than repaid, put in the bailiffs and claimed all the furniture, even including the bed under a sick child.

This evil is not confined to Liverpool. It obtains more or less in every large city and town. Women usurers, by means of back-door touting, have got thousands of their own sex into their merciless toils. Women in many cases have borrowed without their husbands' knowledge and stolen to repay.

Legislation to cope with this appalling evil is a task upon which all parties might unite.

M. Loucheur, the evil genius of the late French Premier.

Daily Mail WRONG AGAIN!

by A. G. GARDINER

FOR the first time in ten years Europe has got round a table and talked in terms of facts instead of guns and aeroplanes. Our contributor sees in the London Pact the beginning of the trade revival that is so long overdue. Rightly he pillories Poincaré and Lord Rothermere as the obstructionists.

I HAVE not heard that any bonfires have been lighted on the hill tops from Land's End to John o' Groats or that any thanksgiving celebrations have been held to inaugurate the advent of peace. If we had been starting on a new war we should all have been outdoors, eager for news, agog with excitement, snatching at rumours and telling one another what was going to happen.

Now we seem as calm as the lions in Trafalgar Square, as undisturbed as Nelson on his column. Perhaps it is because we are all like children who love a blaze. We will run any distance to see a fire, but we don't cross the street to see the builders building. Perhaps it is because war comes suddenly and dramatically, like a thunderstorm; while peace steals on us slowly and stealthily, like the coming of spring. Or perhaps it is because we doubt whether we have got the real article after all. We have had so many disillusions that we may be forgiven if we say we will "wait and see" before we throw up our caps.

PERSONALLY I believe we have got the real article. I believe that August, 1924, will be as memorable a date in the history of the world as August, 1914. August, 1914, witnessed the outbreak of the Great Fire which destroyed the old structure of things. August, 1924, will, I believe, be remembered as the beginning of the New World order. It has taken ten years to get the conflagration under and to start rebuilding operations, but the start has been made. I do not think there will be any turning back, though there will be snags and pitfalls.

What is the great event that has happened? It is not this or that item of the agreement that was signed at the Foreign Office on August 16. You can find flaws in that agreement all round. It is a patchwork of compromises which gives whole-hearted satisfaction to nobody, and which anybody can pull to pieces, and which I am convinced will prove unworkable as it stands.

BUT the details are nothing. The grand thing that has happened is that the engines have been reversed, that the war spirit is vanquished and that the peace spirit is in possession. For the first time for ten years Europe has got round a table and talked, not in the terms of guns and ships and aeroplanes, but in the language of plain business men concerned with facts and with the single object of getting a bankrupt world on its feet again. Germany and France, in the persons of M. Herriot and Dr. Marx, have met round the same table, have signed the same document and have shaken hands.

That is the grand outstanding fact that will, I hope, make this month of 1924 a landmark for all time. Poincaré is politically dead and buried and past all hope of resurrection. Lord Rothermere and the *Daily Mail* are pilloried as the false prophets of Baal. They stand gibbering and helpless before the great sweep of events that has made them a spectacle of derision and folly.

The public they had deluded and misled now knows them for the blind fomenters of mischief that they are, preachers of hate, whose malignancy is only equalled by their stupidity. For nearly six years they inflamed the silly mob against the policy of one British Government after another, and encouraged Poincaré to believe that he could wreck Europe with our approval and in the teeth of all our statesmen.

THAT nightmare has passed. France has thrown off its Old Man of the Sea, and Great Britain has won the goal she has been aiming at for four years. She has, with the help of America, brought the belligerents together, secured a peace on terms which both sides accept, put a term to the fatal Ruhr adventure, and set the mechanism of European co-operation at work. There is still plenty of grit in the machine to be got out. There are bitter memories to be lived down, and it is a thousand pities that a clean cut has not been made in the Ruhr instead of leaving the sore open for another year.

But now that Europe is convalescent the healing processes will operate rapidly.

If the League of Nations puts the seal upon this great business next month by including Germany in its system—and both M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald, who will be present at the assembly at Geneva, are committed to that course—and if, after the Presidential election in America, the United States does the handsome thing by the League which we are entitled to expect from them, we shall be well on the road to a new world reorganisation that will make wars more difficult, disarmament more easy, and enable us all to look more confidently to the future that our children will inherit.

HOW do we stand in connection with this great matter? I see that Mr. Philip Snowden is concerned at the prospect of an economic alliance of France and Germany against ourselves. That has undoubtedly been in the mind of M. Loucheur and of the great iron and steel trusts to which M. Poincaré was the legal adviser. Their object was to consolidate the coal of the Ruhr and the iron of Lorraine under a single control and to dominate the trade of the Continent. That was the motive behind the economic raid in the Ruhr. It has failed, and I do not think we have any need to fear that what could not be done by force will be done by bargaining.

If it is attempted, I have sufficient confidence in our own industrial genius to believe that we can hold our own. Whatever gains there are to France and Germany from the new start that has been made, they will not prejudice our interests.

WE have suffered most from the European catastrophe because we depend most on a world trade which is shattered by world disorder. Peace is not a mere sentiment with us. It is a question of bread and butter. It is the only cure for our unemployment, and now that at last we have got it we may look confidently for that revival which Poincarism and *Daily Mailism* has so long denied us.

The sky is brighter over Europe than it has been for ten years, and after the great depression we at last stand on the threshold of the great boom.

Are British workers shirkers? "Is it politely likely?" is our contributor's way of answering this query!

MONEY FO

OF course we are all disgusted with the pernicious makeshift which we habitually describe, with more contempt than accuracy, as "the dole." We have all heard of cases—some of them actually true—where this social expedient has been most shamefully misused. There undoubtedly are people so utterly lacking in human dignity, so inexpressibly degraded, so vilely mean, as to prostitute this unhappy necessity to the service of their rascality. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

There are thieves among us too, scrubby pickers of pockets, and incredible hounds who, for no motive at all except sheer malignity, soil or slash the dresses of ladies. One has to admit the existence of these vermin. But no man who takes pride in his kinship to the race that produced Shakespeare would pretend that these filthy parasites represent the people of Britain.

Quite so. You all agree. Very well. Now we proceed.

Writing from the Junior Constitutional Club, a correspondent wants to know: "How do the *genuine* workers in insured trades approve of their funds being depleted by those of their members who prefer dole to work?"

The writer evidently means more than he says. He implies that an appreciable number of loafers are sponging on an insurance fund chiefly contributed by their mates. The obvious answer to his enquiry is that of Bernard Shaw's lady: Is it politely likely? The average Englishman simply loathes and despises petty roguery—and none the less when its purposed booty lies in his own pocket.

Mr. Fred Bramley, of the Trade Union

If the members of a trade union discovered such a case of scoundrelism as my correspondent imaginatively conceives, why, naturally, as members of the race which invented "Cricket" and all that the word implies, or—to take the lowest possible view—as purely selfish trustees of the funds contributed by their union to State Insurance, they would be bound to protest.

They not only would not *approve*, but they would report the malingerer to their branch of the union. They would treat him with the contempt which every true trade unionist applies to a "blackleg." They would cut him out as a shirker and a sponger on their industry.

SO THIS IS ENGLAND!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WHILE all the world seems golden with summer, there are hearts that are heavy and hopes that are broken. Here our contributor deals with the tragic case of a reader, and urges that our Government should develop our Empire for the benefit of our war-shattered humanity.

Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary, who should note our contributor's suggestions

AFTER a day of high winds and tropical rain, the sun rose this morning on a world so divinely beautiful that merely to look at it from an open window was to experience ecstasy.

The smell of the great sea, creeping in long, low waves to the curved shore of the bay, mingled with the smell of drenched gorse clinging to the sides of the shelving cliff. The bright air, glittering with sunlight, was thick with the sweetness of autumn scents.

So glorious was the brightness of the sun that it hurt the eyes to look for long at the far horizon. If ever a day was made for human gaiety and for hearts full of gratitude and blessing, surely it was this wonderful golden day.

Among the letters awaiting me on the breakfast table was one forwarded from London, and written by a reader of this journal. I thought it was merely a comment on the article which had appeared a week ago, and put it on one side. I gave myself up to the plans of my children. After breakfast, alone in my study, I read the letter through, and as I read the brightness faded from the sky, the sweetness of the air became a vapour of decay, the sound of the sea changed to a dirge, and nothing lived in my mind save the "still, sad music of humanity."

THE writer of this letter lives in the neighbourhood of Barnsley. He fought in the war, is thirty-six years of age, married, and the father of "three dearly loved children." Soon after the war ended he was stricken down with pulmonary tuberculosis and ever since that first illness has had a desperate time of it to make two ends meet. He is not, however, worried about himself. What worries him is the future of his children. He confesses that he becomes "sick with despair whenever the thought of their future crops up." His future is a dead wall; but what is theirs? Here is a passage which will give you some notion of the quality of his love for his children:

"When leaving the sanatorium the medical superintendent told me to get all the fresh milk, new-laid eggs, etc., it was possible to get; but, sir, even if it were possible to procure even a small quantity of such, I couldn't eat it and watch the wife and children eat bread and scrape."

AND here is a sentence which will give you a notion of his desperate mental plight, the mental condition to which an affectionate English father can be brought in these days of chaos and stupidity. "I have buried two children since the war, and I could almost say and wish I was burying the others."

He protests to me, and God knows I believe him, that his letter is not "a wail, an expression of self-pity, or bitter railing against those more fortunate than myself." He declares that it is nothing but "a statement of facts." And these are the facts, facts that destroy for me the joy of one beautiful day, and for him the hopes of the human heart and the whole horizon of hope: He can never more do a hard day's work. He is responsible for a wife and three children. The nourishment he gets is insufficient to restore his health. No one wants him outside his family. All he is now fit for is light work, and where is he to find light work in a colliery district?

"I don't know how soon my at present worthless life may come to an end, all I do see is my children suffering, not for the sins of the father, but for the disability of the father."

That is the fact of facts in his indictment of the world. Those dearly loved children, the eldest of whom is thirteen, what is to become of them? In God's name, tell him that. He must suffer; but why should *they* suffer? He is fit only for light work, light work is not to be had, and he must struggle along as best he can on "bread and scrape"; but his children, the eldest of whom will soon be asking for work, not light work, but any kind of work, what is to become of them? Is there anybody in the nation who will, any department in the State which can, promise his children a decent future?

ARE they to face the same world which has turned him down because he is a sick man? Are they, too, to encounter such sympathy as he encountered in the medical superintendent who prescribed luxuries he cannot possibly afford? Are they to go searching up and down this disordered world for a job, and to line up for a dole, and to spend their days and nights wondering what is to become of them? Is there no assurance that he may see those children decently prospering and reasonably happy, as he goes down in the battle of life, and thanks God for merciful death?

Now within the ample and majestic orbit of this British Empire there are many places where a man with sick lungs may grow well and strong, where milk is plentiful, where new-laid eggs are to be had for the picking up, where trees hang down with precious fruit, and where men, women and children are wanted, not by tens, but by hundreds, not by thousands, but by scores and hundreds of thousands. And here in England is money to be lent to Soviet Russia, and to Germany, millions of money to be poured out in a speculation which takes no account of psychological facts, and a speculation which cannot conceivably alter the conditions in Great Britain for a generation.

DOES it not strike the reader that if the British Government set itself to raise money for the development of the British Empire, set itself to organise emigration on a gigantic scale, set itself to build great cities, far-reaching railways and gigantic stations of electric power, that at once, without a week's delay, there would be hope in the hearts of thousands who are now sick with despair, and a new birth of our old British energy?

Think of this young father in Barnsley, contemplating suicide, half-wishing his dearly loved children were dead and buried, and then ask yourself what the German Government would do if the future of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were in its masterful hands.

Not only do we leave our stricken in the lurch, but the greatest Empire ever known in the history of mankind.

FOR JAM!

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

Take the case of the engineers. They have 124,000 unemployed members. Hundreds of them have been driven to leave their country, their homes, and their families in search of work in foreign lands. At home, there is keen competition for any jobs that are offered. What, in the name of commonsense, would the employed men be likely to think and say of a man who, in this pitiful plight of their trade, refused employment that was offered to him? And how long would the Labour Exchange be likely to continue the payment of insurance benefit to a man who did not accept available jobs?

...red Bramley, Secretary ... Trade Union Council.

Our correspondent's question answers itself: his hypothetical slacker would be driven, within a month, from his congenial trade of cadging to the horrible alternatives of starvation or work.

But our reader backs his question with familiar and characteristic illustration. He cites the case of "the father of a family of three daughters (himself in receipt of the dole). He puts each one in turn into domestic service. After each one has qualified for the dole, he tells them to give notice on the plea that they are required at home. They do so and apply to the Labour Exchange for the dole. It is granted. The net family income per week comes to 65s. for doing nothing! I could give other instances, and so could your readers if asked to do so."

I hand on the request, but trust that responders will be a little more careful of their facts than Mr. ——. I knew that his statement was inaccurate, but to make quite sure of my answer, I submitted it to Mr. Bramley, the secretary of the Trades Union General Council, who replies that: "The circumstances could not possibly arise, because no person employed in domestic service can qualify for unemployment benefit under the Act. Even if the Act applied to domestic service, unemployed benefit would be stopped if persons drawing it failed to accept situations suitable for them."

That seems to dispose of the question.

Does it not seem to suggest also that sometimes, peradventure, some little tincture of class prejudice may possibly creep into our consideration of these problems? Would it not be useful in considering our social problems to begin by remembering that all of us, whatever our faults and shortcomings, are only British?

The leading question — What of Your Future?

Dispel doubts! Plan and work *now* for a *prosperous* future.

Only base your energies upon the ample advice given in the Metropolitan College "Guide to Careers in Secretaryship, Accountancy, Banking, Insurance and Commerce," and ultimate success will become a foregone conclusion.

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The Sentence of the Court

Railway Fare Ramp

Celebrating the Railroad's Centenary

by HARRISON OWEN

AGAINST Sir Guy Granet, acting chairman of the Railway Companies' Association, was brought a charge of picking the pockets of railway travellers, to which he pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the charge had been launched because of the persistent refusal of the companies to make a reduction from 1½d. to 1d. a mile in third-class passenger fares. When it was pointed out by the National Association of Railway Travellers that this long-needed reform would almost certainly result in increased traffic, a *communique* was issued by the Railway Companies' Association which plainly showed that the companies had no intention of abandoning their pocket-picking tactics.

"While the companies are entitled to fix fares and rates at such prices as they think will bring in their 1913 revenues," continued counsel, "railway users—a rapidly diminishing class—are forced to pay 50 per cent. above pre-war prices. Furthermore, these increased prices are charged for an inferior article, for services have been curtailed and the companies have extorted additional revenue by abolishing various privileges—such as a reduction from double the single fare for a return journey—which travellers formerly enjoyed.

"Probably the worst results of railway amalgamation which, we were promised, would effect such striking improvements, are to be found on the Southern Railway, where many trains seem to suffer from a form of 'locomotive' ataxia which causes them to travel at a speed (in some cases as low as ten miles an hour) that even a superannuated tortoise might feel called upon to excuse on the ground that it was afflicted with rheumatism. Railway users ask only a fair thing, but all they receive is a fare 'sting.'"

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, defending, urged that the companies were employing sound business methods. It was easy to talk of the increased business which would result from reduced fares, but increased business could not be guaranteed, whereas pre-war profits were, as long as the present rates remained in force. Sir Guy Granet and his colleagues acted on the principle of "Safety first—for shareholders," and refused to endanger dividends by showing superfluous enterprise.

The jury found the accused "Guilty."

"The prisoner," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "evidently does not believe that 'None but the brave deserve the fare,' for he prefers a policy of masterly inactivity to one of bold expansion. The result is that railway rates are unpleasantly like transport taxes, and travel has been turned into travail. Next year we are to celebrate the centenary of steam railways with an exhibition, and I hope that, in addition to the 'Puffing Billy,' which will be on view, the public will have an opportunity of examining a half-century-old table of rates and fares, so that they will be able to judge the immense strides that have been made not only in the science of locomotion, but in the art of exploitation. Since we cannot draw blood from a stone, I suppose it is futile to attempt to extract concessions from Granet; but in the hope that rigour may succeed where reason has failed, I shall sentence the prisoner to transportation for life on the Southern Railway."

Saints and Sinners

A Jolly Good Fellow

A sportsman who knows the game.

by HESKETH PEARSON

AT a time when all the old landed aristocracy are selling their estates to the war profiteers, it is pleasant to remember that there are still a few representative families left on the soil. Nowadays the very bluest blood can do nothing for itself without a bank balance; but fortunately we can still point to a few samples of blue blood supported by a bank balance. And Viscount Lascelles is one of them.

Here, at any rate, is a man who knows everything there is to be known about his property. He can talk to farmers in their own language, and never for a moment do they suspect that he has spent half his life in towns. In a nutshell, he knows when it is time to make hay!

THEN, too, as a sportsman he is one of that rapidly disappearing class who backs horses and yet knows all about them. He can talk to a trainer without making the latter suffer from internal convulsions—which, I assure you, is something of a feat in these days. Every aspect of sporting and outdoor life is to him an open book.

As a consequence his popularity among country people is considerable, and his advice is eagerly sought. Over and above this, however, he is a typical country squire—typical, I should say, of an era that is passing or past: very jovial and good-natured, accessible to everyone, fond of a good joke or story, and keenly interested in all the news of the neighbourhood.

His war record is well known. It is that of a man who apparently didn't know the meaning of fear. And, from what I can gather, he hardly seemed to know the meaning of pain—though that may have been due to sheer will-power and self-command.

I saw a good lot of him up Keighley way in 1912 when he was standing for Parliament as a Conservative candidate. The Liberals were sweeping the country at the time with some hocus-pocus cry; otherwise he would certainly have been returned. But he hasn't enough tricks up his sleeve to make a successful M.P.

HIS meetings were always very amusing, because he invited heckling and liked talking *with* his audience better than talking *to* them. They usually degenerated into glorified free discussions, every member of the audience talking at the top of his voice at the same time! But the proceedings frequently terminated with a full-throated agreement that he was a jolly good fellow, which showed that the constituents liked their man even though they didn't care for his Party.

That is really the most attractive thing about Viscount Lascelles. Having nothing of the mountebank in his nature, he'd always make a poor figurehead. Unable to impose upon people, he never shows to advantage in a crowd. He's the kind of man one loves to meet in a pub for a thoroughly enjoyable chat over a pipe and a pint of beer—and I am incapable of paying anyone a higher compliment.

WORSE THAN MURDER

THE dangers that beset the very young are too serious to be ignored. If the details were known of what is going on in the homes where children are the unhappy victims of brutal lust, says the writer, a thrill of horror would vibrate throughout the land. Moralists and educationists must come to grips with facts.

by ROBERT J. PARR, O.B.E.
(Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children)

THERE is no branch of work which brings workers into such close touch with the evil things of life as that of protecting little children who have been grievously wronged, and of bringing the offenders to justice. Some comfort may be gained from the fact that though more cases are being reported, there are really fewer offences than in former years.

A clearer understanding of the law, and a quickened sense of duty to report cases on the part of those who know what is happening, are having a good effect. So it is possible to say with something like confidence that there are more discoveries rather than more cases.

AS a subject for discussion, that of assault on and corruption of children is a difficult one in many ways. Plain speaking, though often desirable, is not always possible, for there are perils in publicity well known to the social reformer. Undue reticence is, however, equally harmful in view of the dangers to which young children are exposed, and the terrible consequences resulting from them.

Things are still bad enough, and much worse than they should be. There is no reason for restraining any effort in the direction of safeguarding children against the evil designs of those who look for opportunities to encompass their ruin.

Lamentable, indeed, is the terribly sad record of cases classed under corruption of morals. A veil may be drawn over the particulars of these, but this much can and should be said: If the details were known of what is going on in some of the homes where young girls are the unhappy victims of brutal lust, a thrill of horror and indignation would vibrate from one end of the land to the other.

THERE is something suggestive in the fact that amongst the cases of criminal assault, the cases of incest average 37 per cent.

Remembering that we are concerned only in cases of children under sixteen years of age, the total number of cases dealt with bears its own significance. Incredible though it may appear, assaults are frequently made upon children of tender years. The transmission of loathsome diseases to little children is of common occurrence. Only those who have actual experience of bringing offenders to justice can have any idea of the difficulties that stand in the way.

Many offenders against children know this, and take advantage of it. In some cases the difficulty is created by people who have taken girls under their charge. Some time ago certain ladies engaged in rescue work put forward every obstacle to defeat the ends of justice, going so far as to refuse to allow a girl to be medically examined, though the offence was common talk in the locality in which she lived, and it was known that other girls were in danger.

Then it not infrequently happens that parents are induced by the payment of a sum of money to withhold their consent to a prosecution. In many such cases the man responsible for the child's ruin has compromised with the parents in this way. Other troubles arise after cases have been taken to court.

Through the lack of corroborative evidence, the inability of a small child to understand the expert examinations of a trained advocate, or the unwillingness of juries, in some districts, to take a serious view of such cases, many offenders get off when there is no doubt of their moral guilt.

Scarcely a day passes without a known offender escaping because of the hindrances in the way of successful proceedings. This is not an occasion for discussing the modern tendency of the courts in dealing with persons convicted of various offences. There is, however, ground for asking the question whether sterner measures for dealing with miscreants who corrupt young children would not have the effect of making the fear of just punishment a stronger deterrent than is now the case.

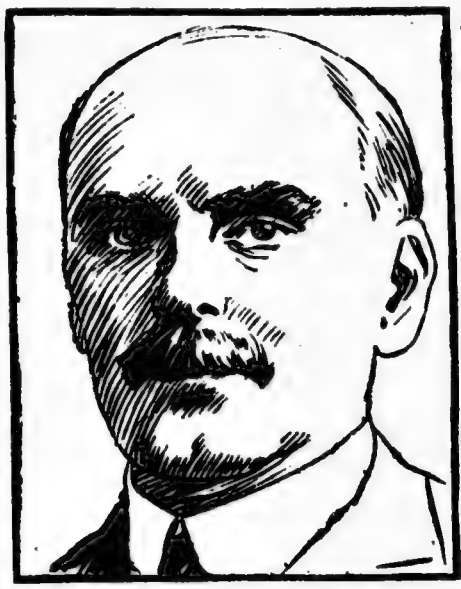
IN considering what can de done to reduce the number of assaults on children, it would be unwise to leave unmentioned the conditions under which many people live. There can be no doubt that a lack of privacy in the home is followed by great precocity of the family.

There is much to be done in the way of improving such homes and giving even the poorest the means of decency. Possibly the greatest need of the moment is to arouse public opinion and to endeavour at least to shame people out of the indifference with which the subject has been treated. Public protest has frequently been aroused against foreign atrocities; it would be equally warranted for the shameful sins against young children that lie under the surface of village, town and city life.

It has been one of the evidences of the low moral understandings of many parents that in cases of incest the fathers have claimed a right to their actions and in others the mothers have acquiesced in what was being done. In one year's record of London complaints, many of the children were under five years.

Amongst others there was a case of a girl of four assaulted by her father. Another of three and a half was outraged in the street. Other cases included an offence committed in a field on a little girl of four, and an attempt on a girl child of two years and ten months. These are quoted as an illustration of the human depravity that sees nothing sacred in childhood and youth.

One of the chief causes of child neglect is ignorance which is allied to indifference, one being the result of the other. The system of education adopted in this country has always been lamentable in one respect—the lack of attention paid to questions of life, feeble health, nurture and physical training.



Mr. Parr is a member of the recently appointed Commission of Enquiry into the question of child protection in all its aspects

The difficulty in dealing with ignorance as a cause of neglect is that the precious years of youth have been allowed to slip by without any attempt being made to mould the impressionable minds of the recipients of free education on matters of vital importance to themselves as individuals, and to the nation of which they are units.

Looking back on the years during which this work for children has been carried on, it is possible to estimate with some precision the results obtained. That there has been a remarkable transformation is shown by the figures relating to the number of cases reported, the decrease of complaints in crimes of violence, leading to a decrease in the percentage of prosecutions, and the increasing value of warnings given.

THERE is no reason for believing that because some 39,430 cases are reported in one year, neglect or cruelty to children is increasing. As a fact, 2,719 of these cases in the past year were of parents themselves, or other persons interested who sought voluntarily for advice. Cases of neglect numbered over 33,000.

There never was a period in the nation's history when children generally were better treated than they are to-day. Under existing social conditions, with the present unsatisfactory system of education and other causes, it is to be expected that certain evils will have to be dealt with.

The result of thirty-nine years' experience makes it possible to say that in matters affecting children's welfare people are beginning to know what to do, and an increasing number are prepared to do it. One other fact is worth noting, and that is the steady decline in the numbers of cases of cruelty to children that are due to habits of intemperance on the part of parents.

The most remarkable result, however, has been the development in recent years of an interest in the well-being of sick, ailing, crippled or deformed children. This is the natural outcome of the steady growth of public opinion, as also of the general desire to make the most of remedial effort in every direction. It was in the early days a common experience to find that the parents of a deformed child took the view that the deformity was "God's will" and that any interference would be flying in the face of providence. Then there was the other view, that no one had the right to interfere between parent and child.

Representatives of this school of thought went so far as to argue that a parent had the moral and legal right to penalise his child during the whole of its life, by refusing to take advantage of medical and surgical skill. Parents themselves are now amongst the first to seek help for their afflicted offspring, and to show the greatest satisfaction when the affliction is removed.

A child's best chance should be with its parents, its best place its home. Believing this, and holding tenaciously to the belief, all our efforts, energies and thoughts are concentrated on the supreme attainment because we hold that true strength of Empire is to be measured by the number of happy homes, dutiful parents and healthy children.

PARENTS should be warned of the grave dangers of the streets, and be advised not to allow their children to go unprotected, especially during school holidays and at night. Educationists might consider with advantage whether more could not be done in the way of giving wise and useful advice to girls as to the risks and dangers they run. Moral and religious teachers may reasonably be asked whether this important subject has received at their hands the attention it deserves.

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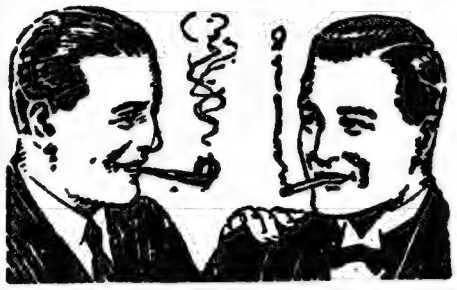

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Human Documents.

Passion in Pawn!

And other problems which trouble everyday life

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

"RECENTLY an offer of marriage was given me by a rich old man, but before I accept it I should like your advice. I am secretly engaged to a man whom I love very much. We were going to be married very shortly, but owing to a severe illness all his savings for our home had been swallowed up, and to make matters worse he is unemployed and finds it impossible to obtain work.

"It will be many years before, if ever, he will be able to marry me, as he will find it difficult to save any money because he has to take care of his aged mother. I find it impossible to save anything from the little I earn.

"If I marry this old man, I shall, no doubt, be free in a few years and will possess all his money. Then I shall be able to marry the man I love. Do you think it would be playing the game? Of course I should do my best to make this man happy.

"I know my lover would not agree to this, but I could reason with him and show him that by doing this it would bring us together sooner."

"Humanist" says:—*Of course your lover would not agree to this. No man would agree to put his love in pawn to Time—as you suggest. The aged mother may die before the aged prospective husband. You can afford to wait—do so in patience. Your lover will not, if he is the right kind of man, be permanently unemployed. Tell him your decision to wait and give him a chance. This will help to stimulate him to make good and find his happiness.*

"I AM writing on behalf of a friend of mine, who is a music-hall artiste, now playing in Germany and in need of legal advice. During an engagement with a pantomime last Christmas in London, he became friendly with a girl of the same company. Misconduct took place, with the result that this girl is soon to become a mother, and sad to relate, neither he nor she love each other; but nevertheless she has followed him to Germany with the intention of marriage.

Baby's Future

"He is not in a position to marry, although he would do so, if possible, to save the child from shame and disgrace.

"I am a poor man, and have offered to adopt the expected child, hoping that by doing so I might free them from further trouble.

"Have I done right or wrong? I shall be exceedingly glad if you will kindly give me your best advice for these unfortunate people."

"Humanist" says:—*I think the girl foolish to marry a man she does not love, but I understand her anxiety for the child's future. It is nonsense for your friend to say he cannot afford to marry. Perhaps he cannot afford to support his wife—and she has no moral right to such support. But he is himself bound to support the child; it is his.*

"THIS true experience is written on behalf of a young crippled relative of mine, who is totally debarred from enjoying the pleasures of life owing to the seriousness of an accident he received not long ago. He was knocked down in the street by a reckless drunken motorist.

Friendship or Justice

"At the time of writing this motorist, who is employed as a wages clerk, is suspected of theft, and from information received, it is not the first time that he has been suspected of meddling with his employers' money. I have been informed that he denies the theft absolutely, but his employers intend to convict him, and this points to prison.

"Last Sunday I came in contact with an old Army pal of mine whom I have not seen since the Armistice. I might mention that this old Army pal acted like a father to me during the time we spent together in the war; he was one in a million, and he was the truest of pals. You can imagine how pleased I was to see him.

"He told me he had suffered hardships in the war and had been driven to desperation, but last Sunday night he seemed flush with money. He confided in me, and told me had committed a burglary the night before, and from his story I myself know that the clerk who is suspected of the theft is absolutely innocent, because it is my old Army pal who is the guilty one, he having taken the money from the office.

"Humanist, I have a young, miserable, crippled relative, caused by this suspected clerk's recklessness. I have an old Army pal, the best of pals, driven to desperation through no fault of his own. I cannot betray my old pal, no, not for gold. There is an innocent young man accused, yet one word from me will put everything right.

"Please advise me what to do and what is right."

"Humanist" says: *It is your duty to save an innocent man—a much higher duty than to protect a guilty man—even though he is your friend. I am sorry for your crippled relation, but two wrongs do not make a right. Your old Army pal is no credit to you or to the Army, if he is willing to commit crimes and let other people suffer for them. You are in a very serious position indeed if you know of a crime and conceal it. Friendship which involves the ruin of an innocent man is a mere travesty.*

"ONE of your correspondents wonders if he should marry a girl who is blind. My advice is, if he really loves her, yes. My wife, who is blind, I married twenty years ago, and I have had no cause to regret it. I found a new interest in life when I remembered that someone was depending entirely on me. I had to pull up and watch my step.

Blind Love

"We have been blessed with four children, and their arrival bound us still closer together. We had a common interest in them that made us dependent on each other. The children are all blessed with splendid sight, even better than my own.

"Your correspondent will find it a grand thing to know that he is able to be a real help to one who really deserves it, and that they trust him to be their mainstay. It all depends on him if the life is a success. I wish him the best of luck and hope he will be as happy and fortunate in having got a good wife as I have."

"Humanist says":—*I publish the above, although it offers no specific problem, because it is of itself a great "human document"—an encouragement to face the handicaps of life with two of human nature's grandest qualities—courage and generosity.*

"MY aunt is a wealthy lady of sixty, for whom I have acted as female companion for years, and since she has no other nearer relative I am, she tells me, to inherit her property at her death. Now the old lady is a disciple of the Christian Science cult, and is suffering too, from a disease which, if left to her own methods of treatment, will undoubtedly prove fatal in a very short space of time.

Obstinate Faith

"I have tried time and time again to persuade her to consult a specialist surgeon, and to submit herself to a surgical operation if such is deemed necessary, but her obstinacy in persisting on reliance on mere faith is unbounded.

"I can see her growing worse as the months pass, yet I dare not now interfere, for on the last occasion she flew into a rage and threatened an early parting. Will you advise me what to do? Should I let her die through her foolishness? Would I be acting immorally if I remained silent and became rich as a consequence of my silence? Or should I call in a trustworthy doctor without her consent, and thereby throw over for ever my chances of figuring in her will?"

"Humanist" says: *A woman of sixty is her own mistress and entitled, however foolishly, to refuse to see a doctor. You are under no obligation to use force and have done your duty. Have a plain talk with the Christian Science Healer, pointing out the likelihood of trouble at an inquest unless a doctor is consulted.*

Auctioning a Home.

"I have just taken a flat and agreed to pay £50 for fixtures. Now the agent tells me a friend of his wants it, and is willing to pay £60. What can I do?"

If you have taken the flat, it is yours, and you can't be deprived of it. If you have not yet signed the agreement, look for another flat.

A Superior Lover.

"Some people laugh scornfully at barmaids. My best friend is one. A perfect lady, with education and culture, she likes the life and I detest it. She will not give it up. I will never marry her so long as she carries on behind the bar."

Don't. The kindest thing you can do is to leave her in her job, and happy.

Theatrical Temptation.

"My sister is on tour with a musical comedy show. She is 'lead.' The producer, a well-known actor, has made certain advances to her and wants her to live with him. She has asked my advice."

She certainly should not. If he offers marriage, it is a different matter.

The Trying Husband.

"My husband is a rotter. He comes home late and flaunts before me presents from other women. So far I have only smiled. How can I get him back to the right and proper paths?"

Keep on courageously trying. If there is any good in him you should win.

Cleaned Out.

"I sent my suit to be cleaned the other day. Then I discovered my wallet was in the pocket, containing £31 4s. 2d. The cleaners say it was not there. I know it was there!"

I don't think you can get it back. You cannot prove it was there.

Surface Love.

"I went rather mad over a woman. She seemed wonderful. But I have discovered her affection is merely 'surface love.' Yet I somehow feel drawn towards her, and I cannot give her up. My career is at stake."

No, it is not. You are apparently merely a fool. Leave her.

The Vampire.

"My boy, just out of school and now in a stockbroker's office, is entangled in a love affair with a young married woman. She is amusing herself, but he is in deadly earnest. I don't like him to be taught deception."

Write to the woman and tell her to leave the boy alone. If she refuses, tell her you will consult her husband.

The Lender Hit.

"I am in charge during the manager's absence. A big customer came to me in an emergency, asking for a loan of £10. I gave it to him without any written acknowledgment. He was killed the next day in a charabanc accident."

Tell your employers the facts. Why should they not believe you? But next time get a written acknowledgment.

The Menaced Cat.

"Our cat is of the Persian variety. It is worth something like seventeen guineas. One of my neighbours I suspect keeps giving it poisoned meat. So far it has only been ill, I fear it will die."

Keep the cat in the house—or send it away. Give the poor animal a chance. If you can, detect the offender—it is a matter for the police.

Parents' Advice.

"I am a young girl not yet twenty, and I am in need of advice. I have been offered a very good paying and light job away from my home, but my parents do not care very much for me to leave home, as I am an only child, and my mother is not very strong. At home I am tied; I am seldom allowed out alone. Away, I should get a bit of freedom and pleasure."

You are very young. Take your parents' advice—there is plenty of time for freedom and pleasure.

Words Winged to Women

Amateur Motherhood

by MABEL HORNER

THE annual report of Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer for the Ministry of Health, is a document of supreme interest to women. In it we find statistics which inform us how the women of the nation, and especially the children, are faring.

We are learning how to keep babies in the land of the living. The death-rate in 1923 of infants under one year of age was sixty-nine per thousand born. That is the lowest ever registered. But on the other hand fewer children were born. There were twenty-two thousand fewer babies than were born in 1922. The truth is that the nation is faced with a steadily declining birth-rate.

Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health.

It would be fatal to ignore this decline in infant population. It is fraught with many signs and portents. In every woman's mind will be the thought of the housing shortage as prime factor in the matter. Residence in one or two rooms is not an ideal home for the bringing into the world of a family of youngsters.

Landlords as a class are against large families. But restricted house-room is not in all cases a determining cause. It is where the housing difficulty is least felt, in the upper and middle classes, that the percentage of births to marriages is lowest.

CHILDREN should be the very apex of our modern civilisation. By their helplessness they appeal to us to give them every advantage in the battle of life.

And the more thoughtful the parents, the more freely they concede this right to the unborn. Of their own choice and freewill they limit the number of their families in order that they may comfortably support those who come.

It is not an accident that the children swarm the thickest where the poverty and housing scandal is at its worst. Knowledge is being withheld from the poorer women which is freely accessible to the more fortunate few.

It is for women themselves to decide whether all women shall enjoy a like knowledge, or whether the rights and wrongs of sensible birth control shall remain in the hands of a very few.

Unknown to numbers who bewail the hardness of their own lot, a real battle is already being fought as to whether women generally shall have access to full knowledge of the facts of motherhood, or whether they shall be kept in the dark. A large Congress of working women recently passed a resolution in favour of knowledge.

PIONEER women have suffered prosecution in the Courts because in the present state of the law it was deemed they spoke the truth too freely. The real issue is still left for the individual mother to decide for herself.

No one wishes to force knowledge upon people who prefer to remain in ignorance, but when the welfare of the future race is at stake, it is folly for a married woman to be ignorant. The truth is that no man—unless he be a fool—goes into business as ill-equipped in knowledge of the details of his trade, as many women go into the supreme business of motherhood.

Let us call a spade a spade. To force the poorest and most helpless women of a nation to bring into the world large families of little children for which they have neither the health nor the means to maintain is not righteousness. It is conscription of motherhood, nothing less.

National salvation does not lie that way. It lies in giving women the fullest knowledge of themselves and their functions.

Traps for the Unwary

THE pitfalls of life are many. Round every corner lurks someone ready to trap the unwary, and danger is in nearly every business enterprise.

When you are invited to take shares in a concern, or when an advertisement in a newspaper tempts you, pause for a moment and consider. When you are beset with doubt, go to your best friend for advice.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Daily we prevent our readers from tumbling into the traps set for the unwary; hourly we save them time, money and anxiety.

The troubles of a lifetime can be avoided by asking for our advice.

Our wonderful Free Advice Service is solving people's problems and answering their questions. Write to us, and we can help *you*.

IT does not matter what your problem is—Finance, Business, Love, Law, Sport, Ex-Service, Domestic, Pensions, Wireless, etc.—write to JOHN BULL about it, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for our reply, and you will receive a prompt and sympathetic reply.

Our Advice staff is composed of men and women with years of experience in the battle of life. They are each specialists in particular subjects, and they don't care whether your problem is big or small. They will try to solve it.

There never was such a service at your command before. *And it's free!* Make use of it.

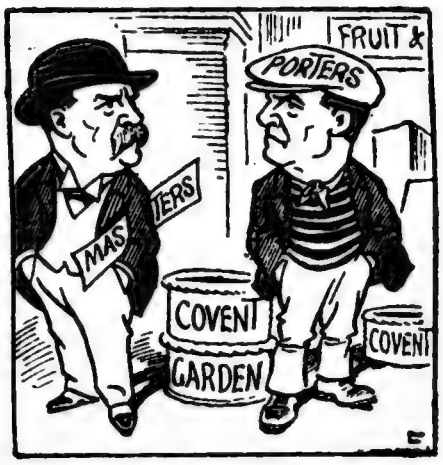
Write to JOHN BULL about it!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The wizard with the famous name
May well be looking grim,
For Mac has fairly queered his game
Now that he's stymied him.



If all attempts to solve this strike
Should turn out to be bootless,
Then men and masters both alike
Must own their efforts "fruitless."

Tho' wealth so vast they've now amassed
To bolster up their shares,
We see no sign of rail combines
Reducing railway fares.

As all the evils we endure
Are mostly due to "Mars,"
If Martians could suggest a cure
We'd "thank our lucky stars."

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WHITE FISHER & CO
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97, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

What's Wrong with British

Pity the Poor Punter—Why Not Evening Race Meetings?

A FRIEND of mine who has been doing the Paris race-courses, writes to congratulate me on my remarks *re* Brighton's comic course. "But," he concludes, "why stop at Brighton? We have not one course in the country of which we can be proud; we have a very large number of which we should be thoroughly ashamed. Brighton, Lewes, Chester—all should be scrapped; and it makes my blood boil to think that the Derby, the greatest race in the world, should be run over one of the world's worst courses. But apart from the actual faults of our courses, the British race-goer has a big and legitimate grouse against every race-course executive, for his comfort and convenience are never considered. What a contrast between racing in France and racing in England!"

Over There—

I agree with my friend. Racing in Paris is racing-de-luxe, whilst racing in England, unless you are a privileged person or a Member, is the last word in discomfort. The Paris race-courses are laid out with spacious grand stands, occupying large park-like enclosures, where shady shrubberies and green lawns surround the parade rings. The Pari-Mutuel does away with the babel of the bookies, and, apart from a small reserved portion of the stands, the Member has no advantage that the ordinary race-goer does not enjoy. Ladies are admitted for half price or less, and the catering arrangements are beyond criticism.

And Over Here.

Gaze on that picture—and on this. At "Royal" Ascot this year I paid £1 10s. for admittance to the grand stand, and when I fought my way to the primitive bar erected in a marquee and demanded a drink, the waitress pushed a bottle into my hand with the remark: "No glasses! you'll have to drink it out of the bottle."

Our Park Courses.

Many sporting writers are loud in their praises of our famous park courses, but, apart from wonderful turf, what can these offer? At Hurst Park the horses finish alongside the grand stand at a most awkward angle, and the members' stand is between the rings and the winning post. At Sandown and Kempton the sprint races finish more than a hundred yards away from the stands, and the angle is so deceptive that I defy anyone to name the first three in a bunched-up finish. Windsor, which, properly laid out, would be another St. Cloud, is worse than Ally Pally, and lovely Lingfield is beautiful from every point of view except that of racing.

At Racing Headquarters.

Then what of racing headquarters? "Who shall guard the guardians?" says the old Latin tag. After a visit to Newmarket it is impossible to blame other executives. Go to Newmarket, the headquarters of racing, and I promise you that you shall spend a most uncomfortable day. The stands are rough and inadequate, the paddock is an eyesore, and the course itself is so wide and badly arranged that only the judge can decide which horse has won. The jockeys themselves, unless they win comfortably, don't know their fate until the numbers are hoisted into the frame. In race after race, where close finishes are concerned, you will hear the crowd cheering the wrong horse home.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

York, Wednesday,
CORAL WREATH, NEIGEUSE.

York, Thursday,
DIACQUENOD, CLEONE.

Gatwick, Friday,
OUTWARD BOUND, PLUMET.

Gatwick, Saturday,
SOMERFORD, BILLY BECK.

The Tragedy of Epsom.

Epsom, of course, is nothing short of a tragedy. People come from the four quarters of the globe to see the greatest horse race in the world, and their feelings can better be imagined than described. I know that stringent reforms cannot be carried out on Epsom Downs because of ancient common rights, but there is no excuse for the scarcity of number boards. There are two number boards at Epsom—one opposite the stands and one beyond the winning posts—and neither can be read from Tattenham Corner nor from the hill where hundreds of thousands gather to watch the racing. At every Epsom meeting the bookmakers take thousands of pounds over horses that never run.

The Earl of Lonsdale, one of the Epsom stewards.

The Patient Punter.

The poor, patient British punter pays through the nose for comfort that is denied him, and no one heeds his protests. How different from the pampered French punter who thinks nothing of rioting and wrecking a race-course to show his displeasure at a ragged start!

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Daylight Saving Bill has made evening racing possible. Why not some Midsummer Night meetings at Alexandra Park, Epsom, Sandown, Kempton and Hurst? The idea would appeal very strongly to the Saturday afternoon punter who can only attend an occasional meeting under present conditions. Perhaps some bright London executive will set the ball rolling next year.

A Novelist's Success.

Edgar Wallace, the famous novelist, makes a hobby of racing, and the victory of his horse, Bosambo, would please him more than if he had written three

SELECTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER 6.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.
HOME WINNERS.
Arsenal, *Villa, *Bolton, *Cardiff, *Everton, Huddersfield, *Manchester C., *Sunderland.
AWAY WINNERS.—Spurs.
DRAWS.
*Blackburn v. W. Ham, Preston v. Burnley.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.
HOME WINNERS.
*Barnsley, Coventry, Hull, Leicester, *Stoke.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Chelsea, Derby.
DRAWS.
*Orient v. Palace, Fulham v. Shields, *Wednesday v. Southampton, Wolves v. Bradford C.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Brighton, Merthyr, *Northampton, *Plymouth, *Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.
Newport, *Swansea.
DRAW.
*Bournemouth v. Luton, Bristol C. v. Norwich, Gillingham v. Watford, Queen's Pk. v. Bristol R.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.
*Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, Nelson, *Rochdale, *Rotherham, Tranmere, *Walsall, Wrexham.
AWAY WINNERS.—*Southport.
DRAW.
*Lincoln C. v. Doncaster.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.
*Hearts, *Motherwell, *Partick, *Raith R., St. Mirren.
AWAY WINNERS.
*Airdrie, *Hibernians.
DRAW.—*Aberdeen v. Celtic.

For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.

The Big Ball Starts

WE shall know this week-end how much of that optimism which always emanates from club headquarters when the season commences is justified.

Directors and managers, happily, always look on the bright side of things. If some of the former did not several clubs would disappear altogether.

I discussed last week what might be the effect of the close season transfers, but I had no space to deal with club prospects.

Regarding the first division of the League, it seems to me that the clubs that did best last season will do so again this.

The Big Six

In the personnel of the five or six leading teams are several players in each who are in their prime, and Cardiff, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Aston Villa, Bolton Wanderers and Newcastle are sides that can confidently be expected to win as many games as any other team.

If anyone asked me at this stage to name a club to back in all home matches and win a few away games it would be Cardiff. They lost the championship last year only because, when the inevitable casualties came along, some of the reserve players were not up to the necessary standard.

That weakness has been remedied by three or four judicious transfers, therefore Cardiff should proceed to again get between 55 and 60 points.

Villa's Predicament

One could strongly fancy the Villa to do well, but I am anxious to see how they get over their present trouble with the centre-half position.

Dr. Milne cannot find the time to play regularly, and I daresay the Villa scouts will be busy during the next few weeks in attempting to find a worthy successor. I shall be surprised if the Villa remain satisfied with any of the pivots at present on the books.

Newcastle came on apace last season, and if they can reproduce their Cup final form they are going to have another good season.

They have parted with Aitken but they are a nicely balanced side with plenty of dash in the forward line, and a satisfactory defence even if their goalkeeper is not as good as others. He won't always be so lucky as he was at Wembley.

I hope to see Leeds United do well. The gentleman who financed them into the senior division has given up, at a big sacrifice, his interest in the club, but there are healthy prospects for the United both from the financial and playing side.

Race-Courses?

—Three and Four Furlong Races

or four best-sellers in succession. Wallace has written some of the most joyous racing stories ever penned, and every punter who has chuckled over "Educated Evans" will wish Mr. Wallace many more winners. "Educated Evans," by the way, is to reappear shortly in the pages of *The Passing Show*.

Why Not Shorter Races?

Doubtless the owner of Kitsiwitsy, who paid a big price for the filly when she won at Epsom last year, wishes that we had English races on a par with the American three and four furlong events. Kitsiwitsy is very fast from the gate and has tremendous speed for four furlongs or so, but since her victory at Epsom she has failed to last home even on the easiest courses. Other horses who would shine in four-furlong races are Americus Boy, Deflation and the famous Mumpty.

PADDOCK PARS.

Transvaal II. is said to be a certain starter for the St. Leger, but he will have to be as lucky as he was in the Grand Prix before he can beat our best.

* * *

Who says there is no luck in racing? At the beginning of the season Wootton and Smirke could do nothing wrong, but latterly the Stanley House trainer and his clever jockey have had a very lean time.

* * *

Complaints continue to reach me from readers who have been stung by Scottish bookmakers. Once again be warned to bet only with men of real repute.

* * *

Umptyiddy who won his first race the other day is a full brother to Vaddy.

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Archeress.—Was a warm order at Windsor and ran well to dead-heat for second place behind True Grit in a strong field. This is a sure winner of a T.Y.O. Plate soon.

Irish Skies.—Wootton's luck has been out for some time, but he is certain to win a selling race with this grey before the season ends.

Conde.—Persse's stable should soon recover their losses over this smart two-year-old.

Robert Espagne.—This is one to follow for the rest of the season.

Ponjola.—Tabor is always to be feared in selling races, and it will not be long before Ponjola is placed to win.

Skyflight. — Was only beaten at Windsor by a matter of inches, and has one good win to his credit over a field of smart sprinters at Kempton. Should win again over six furlongs.

Mille Belle.—Seems to be recovering her form and is quite likely to carry off a nice sprint before the end of the flat.

Silver Band.—A game and consistent horse. One to follow in all Northern handicaps.

Marterne.—Another of Tabor's platers that is more than likely to catch the judge's eye in time to provide for his winter keep.

Spithead.—Ran a good horse last year and is quite likely to do a good turn for Lambton's stable some time in the near future.

Friar's Little Mary.—Was unlucky last time out, but should be placed to win a small selling-plate.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Birmingham Mail, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

X A V P S C 3 H N G T J D W

E Q R M U Y O L B Z K F 2 1

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. U Q B U 3 R W B 3 would read SANSOVINO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from August 27 to September 2, inclusive.

Rolling

Teams that can be followed this Season.

The English season pushed off with one big blessing: that is the disappearance of that unpopular custom of teams meeting each other in successive weeks.

The opening games in Scotland went very much according to expert opinion. The Rangers are going to be as good as ever by the look of it, but the Celtic forwards will have to do a bit more scoring than last season if they are going to finish anywhere near their old rivals.

Scottish Changes.

My Scottish friends are not impressed with the newcomers to the first division, St. Johnstone and Cowdenbeath, but it's a bigger jump over the Tweed than the corresponding one in England from one division to another, and allowances must be made. I wish the Saints and the others all the luck.

Now for a look at the games this week-end. The only teams I can see in the first division of the English League who are likely to win away are Sunderland at Leeds and the Villa at Anfield. I do not suggest the United will suffer from stage fright when they line up against Sunderland, but the latter should start the game with the more confidence and, perhaps, have it won before the others get going.

Spot the Draw!

It's not odds on the Villa against Liverpool, but they are a ready-made team, and the Lancashire club may spend the first month in experimenting.

The tit-bit of the day, of course, is the game at Tottenham between the Spurs and Bolton Wanderers. There ought to be some class football in this game, and I think a couple of goals from each a likely result.

There may be an away victory in the second division, but I cannot spot where it will be. But a few drawn games seem likely and I anticipate this result at Selhurst, Manchester, Hanley and Stockport.

In Scotland I have just enough faith in Celtic to tip them to draw at Falkirk, and the probable away winners are Partick and St. Mirren.

Some coups for this week-end are:—
7 HOME:—Sheffield U., W. Ham, Chelsea, Middlesbrough, Swansea, Doncaster, Rangers.
5 HOME:—Chelsea, Middlesbrough, Swansea, Doncaster, Rangers.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Swansea, Doncaster, Rangers, Rochdale, St. Mirren.
3 AWAY: Sunderland, Rochdale, St. Mirren.
3 DRAWS: Spurs v. Bolton, Palace v. Wednesday, Brentford v. Brighton.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW: Swansea, Sunderland, Spurs v. Bolton.

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Mr. Trapmore's Statement.

Mr. Trapmore, of 3, Millis's Cottages, Bittem's Lane, Kingston-on-Thames, writes as follows: "On the first of January, 1923, an ulcer broke out on my ankle. It caused me terrible pain, but I continued at work for a few weeks until I completely broke down. For one time I was practically on my back. I used hot boracic fomentations for nearly six weeks, when the wound practically healed up. In a few days, however, it broke out again, and was nearly as bad as ever. Then I heard of Germolene, and decided to give it a trial. I am very pleased I did, for the first application was enough to inform me that I had secured the right stuff. The pain gradually went away; the wound began to heal, and I went to work again. My ankle is now quite well, and continues so. I consider that Germolene is worth its weight in gold."

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Our Letter Parliament

Our Readers Air their Views on Topics of the Moment

Life's Smirched Page

Consideration of "Hospital Superintendent's" tragic figures impels the belief that there is a crying need for mass education on the venereal disease question, but is there not in many cases a blank refusal to face facts, a too ready tendency to turn down that smirched page in Life's book and forget it? Those heedless ones who marry without first having been given a clean bill of health ought to realise that they are committing a terrible crime against their life-partner, against posterity, and, incidentally, against those splendid fellows whose lifework is to fight this monster.—"*Pro Bono Publico.*"

Sweated Labour

With regard to sweated labour, may I mention one of the factors which, I think, contributes to this disgraceful state of affairs; namely, undercutting. Numbers of people still offer their services for a lower wage than the recognised standard for their occupation, and this goes a long way towards undoing all the struggle and effort of the past years to attain a living wage. Few people are overpaid, and those who deliberately cheapen their labour are furthering the wicked ends of unscrupulous employers.—*M. T., Liverpool.*

Our Jury System

Two recent Assize trials have made apparent a harshness towards accused persons which ought not to exist, because juries fail to agree. At a trial in Monmouth the jury disagreed and the accused will have to wait a further trial five months hence! In a Sheringham case the accused person has faced the ordeal of two abortive trials through the jury disagreeing, and will have to face a third. Last year a schoolmaster was only acquitted after the painful ordeal of three trials because the juries disagreed each time. Would it not be more humane to resort to the majority verdict, say, two-thirds at least?—*D. Anderson, Borough Hospital, Hyde, Cheshire.*

Sex Information

I agree with Captain H. H. Vincent (one of the nude cranks) in one respect, and that is that "where there is no mystery—there is no imagination to stimulate curiosity." The saying is well known: "Tell a child not to do a thing, and he will do it." If a mystery is made of the facts of life, the chances are that an inquisitive child (who has seen one who isn't?) will "prick up" his or her ears and drink in news bearing upon this subject. Thus, he or she will gain information in a very one-sided and unsatisfactory manner, from evil and unreliable sources. Parents to-day are very timid—or perhaps they don't think—of approaching their children as regards this matter.—*P. L., Hants.*

Flaunting of Wealth

Is it only the idle rich who are extravagant? Your readers who find the present contents of the Picture Press so offensive, have probably never seen the outside of the pubs and clubs in working-class districts after stop tap Saturday nights or thousands of "Wage Slaves" at the race meetings, doing all they can to assist the bookmakers and brewers to spend a month's holiday on the Riviera. Would they like to see pictures showing ragged and barefoot children, taking the daily subscription to the street bookie from their parents, or showing persons being locked up after getting drunk on their dole money and various other "pictures" too numerous to mention here?—"*B. Fair,*" *Newport, Mon.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Workers in Lead

Cannot something be done to bring, under the rules governing lead workers, the girls in our local laundries whose job it is to sort out the overalls sent from earthenware factories to be washed? It is inevitable that they should inhale a certain amount of lead when dealing with these overalls. Yet no one seems to think it necessary for them to pass the doctor every month as do the lead workers in our factories.—*James Roberts, Stoke-on-Trent.*

Our Dear Bread

Why should whole-meal bread cost 9d. and in some towns 10d. per 4 lb. loaf—when one hundred and seventy-two 4 lb. loaves can be made from one quarter of wheat (thirty-six stones) which works out at 9d. per loaf, £6 9s. at 10d. per loaf, £7 3s. 4d. English wheat is not making 50s. per quarter, and as the wheat only passes through the miller's and baker's hands there is undoubtedly something grossly wrong—such bread as before mentioned can easily be made at 4d. per 4 lb. loaf.—*Wallace Benton, King's Lynn*

A Standard for Coal

Why do not the authorities fix a standard for coal? The "best silkstone" is what one dealer chooses to sell under that name, while another may sell something else full of slate from a different coalfield and call it by the same name. The public is safeguarded against fraud in many commodities by penalties for wrongful description, but there is no penalty for describing inferior coal as the best. Whatever quantity is supplied, the dealer should be compelled to give a receipt detailing the quality. This would protect the poorer people who can only purchase small quantities from hawkers of coal.—*Alfred Ballard, 29, Clonmore Street, Southfields, S.W. 18.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE":—"She had felt the pearls there all right, but when the CAB REACHED HER ROOM in the hotel they were gone."

"THE WIZARD":—"It was HALF AN HOUR later. Tim and Jim had not been idle during the ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SECONDS which had elapsed."

"THE STORY TELLER":—"The waves broke right on board, heeling the yacht over, down, till she could SEE nothing but the SHRIEKING WIND and the THUNDER OF THE SEA."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"Bits of linen sheets come in handy for centres of tray cloths or DOOR LEGS."

SMART NOVELS":—"There was almost a SMILE in his VOICE now."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Nearly all these people were living in their own homes, 556,000 being WIVES OF DEPENDENT CHILDREN."

ST. FRANK'S MAGAZINE:—"Trackett Grim, ROOTED TO THE SPOT with sudden dismay, DASHED FORWARD like lightning."

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY:—"He let his pack fall to the floor and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out some GOLD NOTES which he flung on to the table."

Pain of Childbirth

You are to be congratulated on your insistence for real scientific research of the whole problem of childbirth, and the articles you have printed will do much to stir public opinion on the question. Undoubtedly, the method advocated by Dr. Haydn Brown should be thoroughly tested by the medical profession as a whole. Untold suffering could be avoided by its universal adoption.—*T. L. P., Preston.*

"Suffer Little Children"

Why is it that when a male person is charged with assaulting a very young girl he cannot be convicted on her evidence *alone*—there must be a witness of the act. Can anybody in their right senses suppose that the horrible, revolting details that a wee mite of five lisps to her mother are the outcome of her own precocious imagination? This may apply to children of twelve and thirteen but five—never.—"*Understanding Father.*"

Railways—or Snailways?

That railway amalgamation would lead to better service we fondly believed. Has it done so? Here is the answer. A mussel-fisherman in this area put six bags of mussels on rail for Newcastle-on-Tyne on July 31. These did not arrive at their destination until August 5, with the result that the consignee rightly refused delivery, and the consigner lost his mussels, and probably his market. Perishable goods, five days on a hundred miles journey! 'Nuff said.—*F. J. T.*

Penny Snatchers

When a gas company instals a meter in a room, it is set to include whatever landlady desires, over and above the gas company's published prices. In the case of the meter which checks the gas for cooking and light, it is usual for the company to add 33⅓ per cent. for the landlady; in the case of the meter for the bath geyser an even higher percentage. This is usual among the better sort of landlady, but only too frequently, when the working mother puts one penny in the meter, she receives one halfpenny-worth of gas.—*Common Honesty, Victoria.*

The Ace of Tramps

If the Government would boldly declare a progressive "Back to the Land" policy, with special attention to the needs of small holders and allotmenteers, there would soon be very little call for preserved and canned foodstuffs. Fresh meat, vegetables and fruit are always better than the preserved variety, which even when above suspicion, is generally a foreign product. Such a scheme would strike a tremendous blow at unemployment, circulate millions of pounds here which now go abroad, relieve the congested towns and materially improve the health and temper of the people.—*Democrat, Jersey.*

Away with Workless!

The number of unemployed could be materially reduced if the following plan were adopted. Increase the Old Age Pensions and grant it at the age of sixty-five, thereby increasing the number of vacancies for the unemployed; for if the Pension were sufficient to keep a man comfortably, he would not need to work. Where is the money coming from to pay this increase? Surely it can be obtained from the sums now spent in doles and unemployment insurance. Thus both the old folk and the unemployed would benefit, and the habitual loafer would receive no encouragement.—"*Associate,*" *Bury St. Edmunds.*

Motoring for the Million

Another Little Drop

by MOTOMAC

AT the moment of writing a considerable drop in the price of petrol is foreshadowed. While thankful for any small mercy in these troublesome days we are entitled to say that it is really long overdue. Supplies have been in excess of demand for some time, but during the holiday season it was safe to postpone the operation of economic laws.

With winter months ahead the new price is not so much of an advantage. Whatever the price may be, I trust the element of competition will survive.

The eighteen-penny petrol has no doubt had its influence on the market. Granted that it is only to be obtained in populous centres. It may even be admitted that the standard is not quite so high.

WE know that the great combines have taken their service into the most remote villages of the land. Their policy has been to charge a uniform price irrespective of the costs of distribution. Do they intend to maintain the standard quality at the new price?

We cannot here influence their policy, but I think it might be suggested that they should not put the cost of distributing to small and distant customers on the shoulders of those who live where distribution is easy and cheap.

When all is said and done the man in the country motors more cheaply than the man in town. In garage charges alone he economises a lot. I have heard of garages in the country at 2s. 6d. per week and of garages in towns at 2s. 6d. per night, so that the country motorist can well afford to pay a little extra for petrol. It would be the fairest way for the combine to meet the outside competition.

THE month has produced more than the usual number of accidents. Holidaying in a district where roads are twisty and narrow with many cross-roads, I am afraid that many of them are due to the desperate hurry we get ourselves into for nothing.

Going to the golf course or tennis courts only a mile or two away, one can see impatient motorists becoming very agitated over a momentary delay, and rushing on as if their very lives depended on being there to the second.

It is all very foolish, especially when we realise how much the car has done for us in bringing these pleasures so very near. The faster the car, the greater the pace set, and many whose cars are quite incapable of maintaining it, strive and struggle, hustle and bustle to keep up with the best. Apart from the risk to car and passengers it is setting up a nerve strain for the driver which is as deplorable as it is unnecessary.

Try to drive within the limit of your car, not beyond it, and you will add to the pleasure, comfort, and safety of your passengers and other road users.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME .....

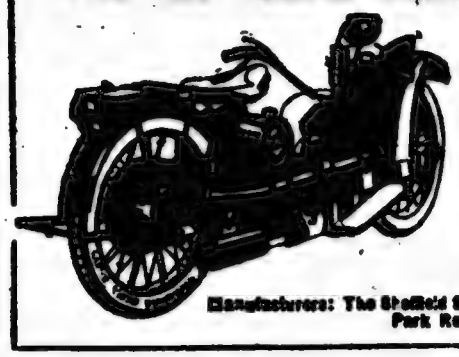
ADDRESS .....

.....

Information desired.....

Announcing a new Model NER-A-CAR

With the famous Blackburne 4-stroke Engine



This new model, with 3.48 h.p. Blackburne Engine and 3-Speed Sturmey-Archer Gear Box, is exceptionally fast and an unusually good hill climber. As a fast and comfortable touring machine it is unrivalled, especially as regards cleanliness, stability and control. Its perfect steering, two powerful brakes and low centre of gravity also give a great feeling of security. Equipment also includes Clutch, Kick Starter, Renold Chain Drive, Automatic Lubrication and 3in. Dunlop Cord Tyres. Price £80, Free Delivery. Obtainable on Deferred Terms.

A folder giving full particulars of the new "C" model gladly sent on application.

Manufacturers: The Sheffield Simplex Co. (Dept. B), Ner-a-Car Works, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

"A Tough Proposition."

Wood-Milne

Rubber Soles and Heels

Lessen fatigue of standing and walking and increase the life of your footwear.

British Made—British Quality

Sold by all Bootmen

Direct from Factory.

"THE BOLTON"

BALL BEARING TANGENT CYCLE WHEELS.

Carr. Paid **£6 : 17 : 6** on approval.

Complete with Apron and all Accessories.

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made. Leather lined and laced hood.

All Fittings Nickel Plated or Motor Stove Enamelled.

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

The Bolton "VICTORIA" Car for Sitting or Lying down, £2 : 17 : 6

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E.8.
60, Merton Rd., Imperial Parade, Wimbledon, S.W.
47, Dartmouth Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
41, Crouch Hill, N.4 (*Opp. Midland Rly. Station*).

Write for Address of Local Agent.

LAST CHANCE FOR SEPTEMBER HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

20/- SARTOR 17/6

RAINCOATS for

OFFER ENDS THIS WEEK.

The Special offer of a 20/- SARTOR Raincoat to Holiday-makers at 17/6 ends in seven days' time, so if you are having your holiday in uncertain September, SECURE this bargain AT ONCE.
No matter what preparations you make for your holiday happiness, your only safe preparation against the weather is a SARTOR Raincoat. Even at 20/- (the usual price) it would cost double or more in any shop. At 17/6 it is nothing more or less than a holiday gift. After your holiday it will serve you well right through the winter, and save your overcoat.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies' Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and an accurate Self-measurement Form. The famous SARTOR is made from a rain-proofed GABARDINE with handsome check lining, perfectly tailored and finished with individual care. Send for patterns on a postcard TO-DAY.

SEND NO MONEY Get the Pattern first, judge their value, AND BE CONVINCED. When you are satisfied that better value cannot be had THEN ORDER.

OUR GUARANTEE. No Sartor is sold without it. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the coat back and we will refund your money IN FULL. Write NOW to

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J.) 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

N.B.—To London and Overseas customers. Our New London Showrooms are now open at 230, Tottenham Court Rd., Oxford St.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO CALL.

SEE THE "SARTOR" MADE.
STAND No. H 256.
Miscellaneous Textile Section,
PALACE OF INDUSTRIES,
BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

FROM 65/- CASH OR 1/6 WEEKLY

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO RIDER

WRITE NOW FOR LISTS

FINE weather at last! Now's the time for you to buy your new Cycle—a Hearn Cycle, the best value in the world. For 65/- cash we will supply you from stock with a Genuine Army Surplus Bicycle, re-conditioned and equal to new. **B.S.A., Enfield, James** and **Humber,** all same price.

If it suits your convenience better, pay while you ride (only 6/6 a month). Deposit of 6/6 with approved order gives you possession at once. **Carriage Paid** to any Station in England or Wales.

SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

You can test any machine for 7 days, and if it does not meet with your entire satisfaction, your money will be returned in full. What could be fairer?

Catalogue of other high-grade mounts free on receipt of a Post Card. Send for this money-saving Catalogue to-day before you buy elsewhere. It will positively save you pounds. Write NOW!

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FINEST GRADE. PRICE VALUE IN THE WORLD.

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Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- Money back if disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW

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WE will present a pair of "Articaids," free, to all applications received within fourteen days from date of this paper. Absolutely no charge and no obligation.

Articaids for the Deaf.

Invisible Appliance for the Deaf. No batteries, fits right inside ear. Small, light, washable. Simply write your name and address and enclose this advertisement with six stamps to—D. & J. HILL, Ltd., 532, Danhill House, 532 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES

I offer you the pick of
COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES
on **14 days' approval.** Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First Instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2/- WEEKLY.

The O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALERS
COVENTRY.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page* 10.

E. D. (Frinton).—"I have half a mind . . ." We thought so.

S. T. C. (York).—"My neighbour's loud speaker keeps me awake." That's aerial nuisance.

P. T. L. (Woking).—"When I was young, I was fired with enthusiasm." We hope you soon got another job.

B. T. (Norgate).—"My gas meter is unreliable." Then it records therminological inexactitudes.

F. F. (Boulogne).—"My holiday is half over." From your address, it appears to be right over.

G. J. T. (Mile End).—"Girls do not make good footballers." We have seen some prominent half-backs, though.

F. I. P. (Huddersfield).—"The street bookmaker sooner or later gets caught." And often through a mere slip.

G. J. (Finsbury Park).—"My wife will not listen when I speak." Try talking in your sleep.

A. B. B. (Poole).—"I must screw up my courage." That's right. Too many people uncork theirs.

H. P. (Chenies).—"Was Eve fair or dark?" We don't know. But she probably got thoroughly sunburnt.

F. F. (Leeds).—"My office boy always whistles when he's working." Some office boys just whistle.

V. S. (Tamworth).—"I'm every bit as good as you." Oh, cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!

G. R. F. (Smethwick).—"We should make our food go as far as possible." As the man in the gallery said when taking aim at Hamlet.

D. E. (Dalston).—"A woman generally leads a man a dog's life." That may not be as bad as it sounds. Sometimes it's a pet dog's life.

F. H. N. (Wells).—"We all think your page so bright that, even in the dark, it could be read!" Many thanks. We've heard others say no one can match it.

G. J. (Christchurch).—"I still have a gold sovereign which I got in 1920." S-s-sh! America might get to hear of it.

W. N. (Chingford).—"Summer excursions do not allow one to be away long enough." The railway companies believe in big profits and quick returns.

P. C. (Plaistow).—"I still wear a suit I bought in 1910." If not exactly fashionable, you can at least say it's very much worn.

S. D. F. (Ramsgate).—"No house is complete, to my thinking, unless it contains a pack of children." But when the pack of children are there, it doesn't remain complete for very long.

J. B. B. (Letchworth).—"Even then, I like children still." As you say, *still*.

L. J. F. (Blackpool).—"He actually threatened to brain me." Is it possible?

B. T. (Saltcombe).—"My sweetheart is an angel." A flapper, we presume.

J. L. I. (Blandford).—"Will you answer this with a letter?" Y?

S. C. (Westcliff).—"I am sending you a rattling good joke." We are tired of Ford stories.

F. J. L. (Dover).—"Soon, it may be possible to ring you up by wireless." Science is very cruel.

F. H. (Deal).—"I fished for five hours without a bite." Did they forget to pack your sandwiches?

G. M. (Amberley).—"Politicians can't control the weather." Evidently not. We remember that lots of them promised to make it hot for the profiteers.

G. J. (Huddersfield).—"It simply poured all the time I was at Wembley." But you have the satisfaction of knowing that you had saved up for a rainy day.

G. H. (Henley).—"Do you think I could make a living with my pen?" Oh, yes; if you can persuade your hens to lay when eggs are dear.

G. J. K. (Dartmouth).—"I am very clever with my pencil." Then see you use it to the best advantage at the next election.

NORAH (Leyton).—"In the winter I am annoyed with chaps on my hands." It *is* exasperating when they all want to take you to the kinema on the same night.

L. G. (Tonbridge).—"The most violent of our Communists are in their 'teens." Then they're too young to sow their wild votes.

W. Q. (Exeter).—"I married in haste, and I haven't repented at leisure." No, it doesn't always follow. Some people repent in haste, as well.

A. N. V. (Lyme Regis).—"We should have a Minister of Sport." What about Jack Hobbs? He would settle the boundary question.

H. J. T. (Wapping).—"Burglaries seem to be increasing." Something should be done to check these skeleton key industries.

G. J. A. (Rye).—"I lived at Wembley three years ago." Since you left, the place has gone ahead.

C. T. O. (Chester).—"The onion, eaten raw, is our most nourishing vegetable." It certainly is not to be sniffed at.

H. Y. (Brixham).—"On this subject, I am capable of giving you a few wrinkles." You have.

F. H. (Kensington).—"I listened to a broadcast sermon the other night." Did you wake up refreshed?

K. C. McN. (Aberdeen).—"I spent an enjoyable day at Wembley." Is that all?

H. K. H. (Bermondsey).—"I am impressed with the work of the Cabinet." It certainly promises well.

G. O. K. (Windsor).—"It would be interesting to hear how some of Dr. Voronoff's one-time patients refer to him now." As the gland old man, probably.

ALECO (Ben Lawes).—"And it's a real British bungalow: the rose, the thistle and the shamrock all growing in the garden." And a leak in the roof, no doubt.

J. T. (Sevenoaks).—"I have an eye for a pretty girl." And, if her fiancé is with her, you have an excellent chance of collecting two black ones.

H. F. (Bourne End).—"The mantle of the prophets appears to have fallen on our Hyde Park orators." You refer, of course, to the *gas* mantle.

J. A. C. (Liverpool).—"Unfortunately this year funds won't permit me spending a week or two on the sands." Cheer up, lad! You seem to be on the rocks anyhow.

K. K. (London, W.).—"Should the debates in the House of Lords be broadcast?" We don't see why not. You'd never be bothered with Lord Rothermere.

J. D. (Southwark).—"It is proposed to light houses by wireless." Most people, however, will be sceptical until the houses are built to experiment with.

W. C. L. (Birmingham).—"Our present educational system is a failure because of the comparative ignorance of the average school teacher." Never mind! They'll all go back to school again after the holidays.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

P. S. (Southend).—"What is matter?" Never mind.

N. S. (Kempton).—"My hubby did not recognise me without my glasses." You practised a bare-faced deception.

B. W. (Finsbury Park).—"I'll write no more letters to you." Thanks for your cheery message.

"MARIE" (Newquay).—"I have never in my life drunk anything stronger than water." That takes some swallowing.

P. R. (Keswick).—"It is up to everyone to eat plenty of uncooked vegetables." Lettuce.

C. P. (Rendlesham).—"I've a great ambition to be looked up to." Better join the Air Force.

H. J. J. (Harlesden).—"My youngest boy has a wide general knowledge." Ah, Watson! A cigarette card collector.

L. F. (Putney).—"I am fond of fruit." It's hereditary. Adam had similar tastes.

L. S. A. (Chertsey).—"I called a policeman, and to my amazement he arrested *me*!" What did you call him?

K. G. (Hull).—"I am learning boxing by post." You should do well. You write a good fist.

W. M. (Edgbaston).—"I am a big gun in politics." Curiously enough our office boy suggested that you had gone off.

"MAC", (Rothesay).—"I am old-fashioned enough to believe in a good whipping." Give yourself one, by all means.

W. J. (Bradford).—"The fellows that drink whiskies and sodas are only swanking." Very often they're having a splash anyhow.

L. J. J. (Ipswich).—"Poverty is the best incentive to work." Roll up your shirt-sleeves and nobody will notice the cuffs are frayed.

MISS V. M. (Torquay).—"How long is it since a woman won a *Bullets* First Prize?" Send us a £1,000 *Bullet* and you will be the sixth this year.

L. F. (Criccieth).—"I have made a lot of blots, but I expect you can gather what I mean." You have certainly given us a good inkling.

J. P. (Surbiton).—"Are there any fruit trees in the London parks?" Well, last Sunday we saw plenty of pairs knocking around.

W. N. (Chelsea).—"I'm afraid my letter is a little blunt." Perhaps it is. You don't seem to have come to the point.

H. P. (Chenies).—"I am giving you a brief sketch of my life for the last twenty years." Thanks! Now perhaps we'll hear from you again in 1944.

L. C. F. (Romford).—"We waste a lot of time talking to the wrong persons." The Telephone Exchange is responsible for this.

H. T. (Southend).—"Why does a man look flushed in a kinema when the lights go up?" Perhaps the red has come off her lips.

A. M. F. (Leeds).—"The tailor said he must charge me higher for this year's suit owing to the shortage of wool." He evidently had enough left to pull over your eyes.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

FRANCIS SISSONS:—The European settlement will be satisfactory to American investors.

Until America can see beyond dollars, Europe will suffer.

* * *

J. R. CLYNES:—Labour has proved conclusively that it is fit to govern.

Granted. It has yet to prove that it can govern well.

* * *

LORD MILNER:—The great mass of the Egyptian people do not care two straws about the Sudan.

Neither do the great mass of the British people.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE:—The present Government is the greatest contortionist turn in political history.

That sounds well from the author of the "Limehouse" speech. Sour grapes?

R. STORRY-DEANS, M.P.:—Let us trade with the Russian people and not with the Soviet Government.

So long as trade results it doesn't matter twopence who it is with.

* * *

CAPT. GREEN:—The British Fascisti believe the welfare of Britain depends on character.

It's a great truth, and the main reason why Britain has no use for the B.F.s.

* * *

ERNEST BEVIN:—The limit of our economic pressure has not been reached.

Maybe, but the limit of public patience has.

* * *

PHILIP SNOWDEN:—The time to deal with unemployment is when there is no unemployment.

Is that what you are waiting for?

A £5-5-0 PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

Wherever you reside we undertake to FIT you PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely

FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
The World-Famous Jockey.
Dressed by BARRY.
(*Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.*)

THE ACME OF ELEGANCE. ALL-WOOL BLACK VICUNA COAT AND VEST AND STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS to measure for £4.0.0 Ask specially for these patterns, if required.	An £8.8.0 Superfine WORSTED SUIT to measure for £4.10	100 Per Cent. Pure New Wool BLUE SERGE SUIT to measure for £3.10

FOR WET OR FINE, THE
BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE

TRENCH COAT

(The Famous Four-in-One Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **35/-** Carriage Paid

The slight advance in the price of the Barrico Trench Coat is imperative through increasing costs of raw materials. It has been deemed wiser to adopt this course, rather than in any way reduce its excellent and far-famed quality.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT AND STORM COAT stylishly cut and finished, eminently suitable for all the year round wear, Summer and Winter alike.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET. IT IS SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it.

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM MAKING THIS OFFER

Post us your remittance for 35/-, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & Co Ltd.,

(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.

Why we Advise "After Every Meal"

Because "After every meal" is genuinely good advice based on scientific facts.

One of these facts has to do with saving teeth.

A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the "Daily Express" of the 27th June, says:

> "To prevent the teeth decaying by "cleanliness alone, the mouth would "have to be constantly aseptic. As "this is practically impossible, a small "quantity of good chewing-gum after "a meal will induce a long-continued "flow of saliva, most efficacious in "destroying the numbers of tooth-"destroying bacteria."

Another of these facts has to do with digestion. The regular use of Wrigley's is exceedingly good for the digestion.

The reason is the same as in the case of teeth—because Wrigley's stimulates an extra flow of saliva. This extra flow assists materially in the first stage of digestion, called by scientists the "salivary stage."

Use Wrigley's because you like it and give it to the children because they like it.

But don't forget that the use of Wrigley's is a really beneficial aid to health — in two important ways.

And don't forget to use Wrigley's after every meal—because that is when it does the most good.

WRIGLEY'S

CHEWING SWEETS

W11-8

SPEARMINT. 6 bar packets, 3d. P.K.—6 sugar-coated peppermint pellets—1d. per packet.

After every meal

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THIS WEEK'S ISSUE GIVES YOU VALUABLE ADVICE ON HOW TO SET ABOUT WINNING

"BULLETS" £1,000 (No. 534)

Those who enter Football Forecasting Competitions should start taking the "C.J." AT ONCE, for "Tomahawk," the most reliable of all forecasters commences his weekly article and analysis THIS week.

LAST Season, "Tomahawk" was the only writer to predict the two Cup Finalists and the winner in DECEMBER! Also Scottish Cup Winners. He gave an all correct forecast of the English Cup Fourth Round and is the only expert to have forecasted correctly 9 draws and 8 Home Winners (twice).

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If you experience any difficulty in obtaining the paper send a p.c. to the Publisher for a free specimen copy.

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IN 15 TO 30 MINUTES.

HAIRDRESSERS are working wonders to-day. You see less and less Faded and Grey Hair as the result. In 15 to 30 minutes—according to the quantity to be treated—women and men are having their hair restored to its original or any desired new shade with INECTO-RAPID. So simple and easy is it to use that thousands re-tint their own hair at home. Follow the "Directions" enclosed with every supply of INECTO-RAPID, and you will have every cause for satisfaction.

No one can tell the result from the hair's own natural colour. It looks the same in all lights. It is absolutely "fast." It defies shampooing, bathing—even the Turkish bath—does not fade, nor "come off" on hat-band or pillow—it cannot. Used by 90 per cent. of leading hairdressers. Ask any hairdresser for particulars. If your hairdresser says he does not use INECTO-RAPID, write to us for the name and address of the nearest good hairdresser who is not prejudiced through lack of professional knowledge and experience in hair-tinting work. CALL or WRITE

Spendid! my dear. I must now get rid of my greyness.

INECTO RAPID

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London, W.1

FREE BOOK

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D.

THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every "John Bull" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate, timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE **Handsome Pocket to Pocket Albert with Seal Attachment FREE with every watch.**

So sure are we that **You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this** handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of **6d.** only. After receipt you send **2s. 6d.** more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of **3s.** each until **25s.** is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days **22s. 6d.** only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd.,
DEPT. 550,
94, QUEENS ROAD,
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

Follow the Ninth

Lucky at Cards and in Love

THERE are those who sneer at any form of superstition: there are others who are convinced that there is much that is unaccountable in life and so they are believers. All over the country thousands of people have been "Following the Ninth," and the results have confirmed their belief in the famous legend.

"Following the Ninth" is the latest craze. All that has to be done is work on the number 9; regard it as your magic number, and good luck invariably follows.

The plan that hundreds of our readers have followed is this: they deduct a ninth of any little lucky venture they have had, and send it to the "Greatest of These —— Fund" as a kind of offering to placate the God of Luck. Then they "Follow the Ninth" by allowing the magic number to operate in everything they do.

Some have backed a winner by putting their money on the ninth horse listed; we heard the other day from a man who after sending his ninth to the G.-o-T. Fund played roulette and put his stakes on no other number than 9. "In two hours I had made enough to last me for a year, so I came away to thank you for your tip."

Another reader sends a cheque for £1 with a covering letter: "Here is a ninth of my week's earnings. I sent you a ninth last year, and the following week I met the lady who is to be my wife. We get married on the Ninth of September."

The best of "Following the Ninth" is that even if your luck does not gain by it you have the pleasant feeling that you have changed the luck of some unlucky person whose life is anything but pleasant at the moment. So send along your Ninth at once.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

B. Leech, 6d.; F. Z., 10d.; A. S., 9½d.; Mother's 3rd 9th, 4d.; "Tailor and His Wife," 1s. 6d.; E. J. S., 10d.; Nebo's 9th, 2s. 6d.; E. Rayner, 1s. 4d.; Wilkie, 2s.; Poor 9th A. G., 1s. 2d.; Our Ninth, 3d.; 9th for Luck 6d.; H. E. Inman, 2s.; Hoping for Luck, 2s. 4½d.; S. H. R., 1s. 2d.; M. A. H., 7d.; Bournemouth, 1s. 6d.; Unlucky, but Hopeful, 6d.; 8pot's 9th, 6d.; M. E. R., 6d.; "Look Up," 4d.; Hopeful, 6d.; "Kandahar," 2s. 6d.; Hariaxton, 9d.; H. Maresca, 6d.; C. S. Wright, 1s.; Mrs. C. F. Holman, 1s. 3d.; E. Dewhurst, 1s. 6d.; E. Anderson, 1s.; "Ponica," 1s. 6d.; L. M., 1s.; R. McN., 1s.; W. Landers, 6d.; Trebor, 1s. 6d.; J. G., 3d.; "E. A. L.," 2s.; E. Gallop, 1s.; Z. V. G., 1s.; M. Smith, 1s.; Tar-John, 1s.; Sandy, 3d.; "Ye Old Cordwainer," 9d.; Drumhead Bigs, 9d.; Mrs. Thomson, 9d.; W. G. Burr, 9d.; G. Edgecombe, 6d.; J. M., 1s.; Accrington 9th, 1s. 6d.; W. A. G., 6d.; M. Bennett, 6d.; In Sympathy, 1s.; Simple, 8d.; Mrs. Goddard, 4d.; Haslemere, 6d.; Mrs. Coe, 6d.; N. Ronnie, 6d.; S. Longmor, 2s.; W. Stewart, 1s.; E. M. Gordon, 1s.; E. Evans, 1s.; P. E. G., 6d.; C. Markham, 6d.; J. Woodmarch, 6d.; "Grafton," 6d.; Sandy Mitchell, 6d.; M. Broadbent, 1s. 6d.; W. Pickering, 1s.; M. M. H., 9½d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; P. C. Pearson, 9d.; C. V. H. and S., 6d.; Widow's 2nd 9th, 10½d.; Joint 9th, Moston, 1s. 2½d.; 4th F. M. S. D., 1s. 7½d.; Ex-Soldier's Wife 2nd, 1s.; Burnham, 3d.; K. I. D., 2s. 8d.; Hard-Up, 6d.; John Bull reader, 2s.; H. T. S., M., 1s.; Mrs. Guyther, 6d.; E. G. R., 1s.; Tom's Second Ninth, 7½d.; Luck is Out, 1s.; Ex-W. Gdsm., 2s.; W. J. F., 1s.; E. T. Pond, 1s. 10d.; Lalcham, 6d.; New-ninth, 1s.; Durham, 9d.; Victory, 10s.; H. G. 1st 9th, 10d.; D. Merritt, 1s. 1½d.; Ex-Private 5388, 9d.; Arabella, 7d.; Stoke Gabriel, 6d.; Lulu, 1s. 11d.; Had Some Good Luck, 1s. 2½d.; P. Godfrey, 9d.; Thanksoffering, 1s.; "Nine Anxious Days," 1s.; From Pal to Pal, 3s.; W. R., 6d.; Lillian, 6d.; A Ninth, 1s. 6d.; "For Dear Bert's Birthday," 1s.; An Old Reader, 6½d.; Grateful Mother, 2s.; H. S., Bristol, 2s. 6d.; Anon, 9d.; "One in Trouble," 4½d.; Mrs. N. Holwell, 1s.; "Norman's Ninth," 4s.; Poor Mother's 9th, 4½d.; Anybody's 9th, 9d.; "Bubbles," 1s.; Ethel and Roy, 2s. 6d.; Radstock 7d.; Two Sisters, 1s. 1½d.; G.'s 1st 9th, 1s. 4d.; Humble 9th, 2½d.; Unlucky, but Hopeful, 1s. 2d.; S. Leggett, 6d.; Borrowed 9th, 1s. 4½d.; X. Y. Z., 4d.; J. H., 1s.; A. W. M. Gorton, 6d.; "Gip," 1s.; Jonah, 1s.; E. Astbury, 2s. 3d.; F. K., 1s. 2d.; D. B., 1s. 8½d.; H. C. G., 10d.; Hardup, 4½d.; G. F., 9d.; Leenstone, 1s.; Larne, 1s. 6d.; E. G., 1s. 6d.; Unlucky, 3½d.; F. M. T., 1s. 5½d.; K. R. Boston, 1s.; Widow 8d.; Conamore, 1s. 5d.; C. J., 1s.; Muriel's Birthday 9th, 1s.; M. S. Hobbs, 1s. 3d.; An Old-age Pensioner, 1s. 4d.; Mrs. M. Warden, 8s.; "No. 19," 5s.; Another Ninth, 1s. 6d.; "The Hopeful One," 1s.; Nil Desperandum, 1s. 8d.; B. Evans, 1s.; "Seconds" Clyde, 1s. 3d.; Y. L. S., 6d.; Plymouth, 9½d.; "Merry," 1s. 9d.; G. A. Turner, 1½d.; "A Mean 'Un," 1s.; Mrs. F. Dodds, 1s. 6d.; A. Jagger, 6d.; E. C., 6d.

(any acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners (continued from page 27).

Grove, Peterborough; P. Clucas, Pavilion Orchestra, Rhyl; G. H. Coulbeer, 38, Dudley Rd., Ilford; C. W. Cook, 75, Mill Hill Rd., Norwich; H. Cooper, 29, Museum Chambers, Bury St., London, W.C.; Miss M. L. Davis, 32, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea; D. J. Davies, 8, Brooklands Terr., Whitchurch, Glam.; B. Day, 46, Grantham Rd., Sleaford; J. Donald, Irish Quarter West, Carrickfergus, Belfast; T. S. Downey, 193, South Eldon St., South Shields; P. Egerton, 27, Lawson St., Stillington, Co. Durham; W. A. Evans, Hiltons' Booteries, 107, High St., Godalming; J. G. Ferguson, c/o Mrs. Gill, 26, Hardwick St., Buxton; W. H. Finch, 47, Hope St., Mile Town, Sheerness; A. T. Fogden, 212, Marlborough Rd., Oxford; R. G. Fox, 21, Mildred Av., Watford; Mrs. M. Freeman, 28, Malvern Rd., Thornton Heath; C. Freeman, 26, Jackson St., Goole, Yorks; C. Frere, 21, Montpelier St., Brighton; Mrs. E. E. Frost, 37, London Rd., Southampton; W. L. Goodridge, 16, Monk Rd., Bishopston, Bristol; J. Grieve, 16, Craigpark Drive, Glasgow; G. Griffiths, St. Paul's Villa, Acrefair, nr. Wrexham; W. H. Grizzell, 10, Catherine St., Tidal Basin, London, E.; G. P. Hall, 109, Wakefield St., East Ham, E.; J. Halley, West Linton, Peebles-shire; J. Hamilton, 4/9, Infirmary Rd., Sheffield; F. Hardman, 166, Glebe St., Leigh, Lancs; C. Harrison, 34, Arthur St., Marsden, South Shields; J. T. Harrison, 109, Sheffield Rd., Woodhouse, Sheffield; W. Henry, 9, Duchess St., Portland Pl., London, W.; P. Herring, "Roseville," Walpole Highway, Wisbech; J. Hesketh, 7, Riverside Terr., Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire; C. Hodgson, 68, Seventh Av., Loudon, E.; B. Hulme, 23, Lichfield Rd., North Shore, Blackpool; J. Jones, 229, Broadfield Rd., Moss Side, M/c.; W. M. Jones, 46, Greenland Rd., Brynmawr; Mrs. N. Kelly, 11, Brunswich Pl., Hotwell, Bristol; Mrs. M. Kershaw, 20, Winforton St., Greenwich; L. Lambert, 111, Wheeler St., Maidstone; W. Lane, Foxen Hill, Wadeford, nr. Chard, Som.; C. Langford, 36, Stratford Rd., Thornton Heath; Miss E. Langley, 15, Venner Rd., Sydenham; A. H. Law, 71A, Strathleven Rd., Brixton, S.W.; D. H. Lewis, 6, Whitcroft Rd., Liverpool; Mrs. E. Lightfoot, 13, Powys St., Warrington, Lancs.; J. Linkeater, 119, Coplaw St., Govanhill, Glasgow; G. Luke, c/o Gray, 308, Allison St., Glasgow; D. McLarnon, 4, Mary's Pl., Whitehouse, Belfast; C. Manning, Markham, Pill, Som.; Miss E. Mather, 168, Hawthorn Rd., Ashington; J. W. May, 9, Lower Wall, Milton Regis, Kent; W. Miller, 497, Bickershaw Lane, Bickershaw, nr. Wigan; Mrs. F. Moss, c/o 35, Earl St., Edgeley, Stockport; J. H. Mustill, 9, Cross Bank, Church Stretton, Salop; A. E. Newman, 11, Brookfields, Cambridge; F. Perkins, 84, Victoria Rd., Yeovil; E. Perrett, 16, Rose Terr., Llanharan, Glam.; J. T. Pickup, 88, Steiner St., Accrington; C. G. Pitt, 21, South St., Yeovil; Mrs. F. J. Porter, Steephill, Farnham, Surrey; T. Rawlinson, c/o W. Rice, 8, New St., Lancaster; J. Roberts, Waterloo House, Penygroes, Carnarvonshire; J. L. Roberts, 9, Florence Rd., King's Heath, B'ham.; C. R. Robson, 16, Lisburn St., Alnwick, Northld.; A. Rogers, 23, Cavan Rd., West Derby, L'pool.; Miss E. Ryecroft, 21, Woodside, Wimbledon, S.W.; A. Sewell, 29, Neale Rd., Halstead, Essex; Mrs. M. Shaw, 1, St. John's Rd., Abingdon, Berks.; E. J. Shirley, 193, Lordship Lane, E. Dulwich, S.E.; Mrs. Smith, 14, Percy St., Hull; G. T. Smith, Gravill Pitt House, Keyingham, nr. Hull; A. B. Snell, 68, Caerleon Rd., Newport, Mon.; A. E. Solly, 13, King's Av., New Malden, Surrey; Miss A. Stewart, 42, Belmont St., Southport; Mrs. E. Swainston, 38, Fenton St., Boosbeck, Yorks.; W. E. Taylor, 14, Woodlea Pl., Beeston, Leeds; H. J. Tucker, 76, Upper Kincraig St., Cardiff; H. Victor, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex; Miss M. Warwick, 21, Neale St., Roker, Sunderland; C. Watts, Water Tower Terr., Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.; E. Williams, 26, Queen's Terr., Hudson St., Accrington; W. J. Williams, 45, Pretoria Rd., Tonyrefail, Glam.; J. Wilson, 22, Adolphus St., Seaham Harbour; Mrs. P. B. Wilson, 192, Bonnington Rd., Leith; I. Woodall, Coronation Rd., Ulceby, Lincs.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four Coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 531 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "John Bull."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 531.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:
Mr. OWEN JONES,
37, High Street, Bishop's Castle, Nr. Shrewsbury.

Example :—As We Grow Older
Bullet :—Pace Fails—Face Pales.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. G. RADMORE, 13, Colin Road, London, N.
Example :—Happy
Bullet :—Luggage—Spade And Pail.

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:
Mr. F. C. PACKE, 11, Midland Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.
Example :—In Moderation
Bullet :—Love Lasts A Lifetime.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:
Mr. H. TRUSWELL, 3, Dorset Street, Easington Lane, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham.
Example :—M.P.
Bullet :—"Dresses Window"—Forgets "Prices."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:
Miss M. RIMER, 29, Norfolk Road, Brighton.
Example :—Without A Husband
Bullet :—Intended Living—Until Asked.

10 Holiday Prizes of £15 each:

J. W. Bruce, Cinema, Magdalen Street, Norwich.
At Our Boarding-house — "One Swallow Makes Supper."
H. Glover, E. o. K.L.C.C., Blackpool.
No Need To Ask—"Snapshot?"—Wife's Mouth Shut.
A. Kember, 211, Southwark Park Road, London, S.E.
In Brief—"On Diet?"—"No, Commission."
F. Millington, 20, Worthing Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield.
Round The World—Dyspeptic Millionaire Chasing Appetite.
G. Newton, 649, Fitzwilliam Road, Rotherham.
What Is a Holiday—"Get Poor Quick" Scheme. (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
H. Parr, 74, High Street, Rishton, Lancs.
The Prince's Holiday—Creditor Actually Dodging Debtors.
F. L. Pollard, 18, Manor Road, Exeter.
Uphill Fight—Finding Affinity With Dowry. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Miss D. B. Pottinger, 76, Durham Road, Manor Park, E.
Uphill Fight—Teetotal Pose—After Honeymoon.
W. Thompson, 3, Tolson Street, St. Side, Ossett, Yorks.
Choosing His Partner—Foolishly, Shouldn't Condemn Sex.
H. J. Walker, 116, Sneinton Road, Nottingham.
Her Retort—With Her Ring, Withering.

10 Holiday Prizes of £10 each:

G. Bateson, 24, Reservoir Road, Pe lon, Halifax.
Without A'-Husband—Candidate Promised Bachelor Tax.
H. Booth, 386, Albert Royds Street, Rochdale.
Round The World—New Bride Shows Visitors.
Mrs. G. P. Bowen, 29, London Road, Southampton.
Her Retort—"Did Office Detain Typist?" (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
M. Frederick, 18, Myers Road E., Gt. Crosby, Liverpool.
What The Bridegroom Said—Indistinct—Somebody Passed Jam.
J. O. Jones, Hiralthog, Mochdre, Colwyn Bay.
Improves With Age—Memory—When Relied Upon. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
P. Petrie, 907, Yoker Road, Yoker, Glasgow.
Spoilt Beauty—Of Countryside, "Somebody's Sauce."
H. Newton Purcell, "Lyndhurst," Willow Road, Darlington.
Round Of Pleasure—Includes Church—Princess Present.
J. Riley, 7, Imperial Street, Blackpool.
Ambitious—Good Job Everybody Isn't.
G. Silk, 4, Fleming Street, Riccarton, Kilmarnock, N.B.
In Moderation—Britain Drinks—America Abstains.
C. Waterhouse, 86, Edinburgh Street, Hull.
Ambitious—Give Out Before In.

50 Holiday Fares of £2 2s. 0d.

T. Allen, 7, Highfield Rd., Nuneaton; R. Barber, Whitwell, Welwyn, Herts; C. Bartrim, 98, Grassington Terr., Keighley; Mrs. M. A. Bentley, 512, Leeds Rd., Huddersfield; Miss R. Bradford, 139, Manor Rd., Erith; E. C. Brown, 79, Mansfield St., Sherwood, Notts; P. R. Button, Powers Hall End, Witham, Essex; E. Chamberlain, The Patch, Overstrand, Norfolk; F. Cheetham, 53, Boothtown Rd., Halifax; H. B. Cooper, 20, Rosemary St., Belfast; C. Cobbold, Dairy Villa, Rayleigh, Essex; C. V S. Dickins, 48, College Court, Hammersmith, W.; Miss Faulkner, 32, Magdalen Terr., St. Leonards-on-Sea; A. P. FitzGerald, 72, Willowbank St., Antrim Rd., Belfast; E. Garnett, Jnr., 8, Beeley St., Sharrow, Sheffield; E. Gawthorpe, 152, Woodsley Rd., Leeds; Mrs. C. Gibsons, Brook Av., Shavington, Crewe; A. Graves, 44, Lewis Rd., Welling, Kent; F. W. Gray, 2, Pilcher Gate, Nottingham; Mrs. E. Green, 26, Newthorpe St., Nottingham; C. E. Griffin, West Ashton, Trowbridge; Mrs. Harrop, 29, Elizabeth St., Denton; Mrs. D. Horton, 35, Windsor St., Wallasey, Ches.; R. S. Hudson, 3, Queen St., Low Moor, Clitheroe; F. Hulden, 8, Roland Grove, Handsworth, B'ham.; C. H. James, 63, Ludlow St., Penarth, Cardiff; E. Jenkins, 101, Turberville St., Maesteg, S. Wales; R. Jones, 38, High St., Bethesda, N. Wales; J. Jnieff, 90, High St., Hythe, Kent; J. Luck, 113, Richy Rd., Watford; N. Macdonald, 49, Graham St., Govan, Glasgow; M. M. McInnes, 11, West Kensington Mans., London, W.; E. E. Morrison, "Oaklea," Queen Alex. Rd. W., North Shields; J. Morrow, 67, Gordon Rd., Chase Side, Enfield; B. Orman, 12, North Terr., Newtown, Yeovil; W. R. Presgrove, 16, Frances St., Woolwich, S.E.; Mrs. E. C. Pritchard, 1, St. Clement's Av., Bloxwich, Walsall; G. Reid, 5, Cheapside St., Anderston, Glasgow; T. H. Richard-

Continued in next column)

MANY EXTRA CASH PRIZES!

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE **£1,000**

2nd. Prize **£250**
3rd. Prize **£100**
4th. Prize **£50**
5th. Prize **£25**

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £4
100 PRIZES OF £1
20 PRIZES OF £3
20 PRIZES OF £2
200 PRIZES OF 5/-
6,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 534.

WHAT RAMSAY HAS DONE
REINS OF GOVERNMENT
THE TRUTH
IF PUBLIC STRUCK
IN IRELAND
WISH I KNEW
EMPIRE BUILDERS
WHAT THE TAXPAYER SAID
LEAVING GERMANY
A BAD BARGAIN
ON THE WAY HOME
NOT AT WEMBLEY
THE OTHER FELLOW
PROSPERITY
UP FROM THE COUNTRY
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
NEXT WAR
FOLLOWING THE FLAG
FIRST IN THE FIELD
YOUNG MAN
WHY SHE LOVES ME
FOOTBALL
GOOD FOR OUR HEALTH
HER MONEY
NOBODY GRUMBLES WHEN
DIFFICULT
A MILLION OR TWO
GOLDEN RULE
FIT FOR NOTHING
ONCE
FRUITS OF SUCCESS
FALSE FRIEND
MODERN HOUSE
TIME WE STARTED
HER PLACE
FIDO
WISE WORKER
FAIR PROFIT
TIRED OF TALKING
WHAT IS PEACE?

(Continued from previous column)

son, 32, Boswall Drive, Edinburgh; J. P. Roberts, Ashley Cottage, Thorverton, Exeter; C. Scott, 63, Chichele Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.; I. P. Sharp, 21, Central Av., Kilbirnie, Ayrshire; T. Simmonds, Ex-Service Oil Stores, St. Andrew's St., Bury St. Edmunds; R. A. Sparrow, 97, Darenth Rd., London, N.; W. Spratt, Eldon Sq., Dolgelley, Merioneth; T. Sterne, 100, Windsor Rd., Leyton, E.; Mrs. M. Stratford, 3, Caroline Cotts., Newport St., Stonehouse, Plymouth; H. W. White, 95, Dudley St., Bedford; M. Wignall, 9, Bond Terr., Walmer Bridge, Longton, Lancs; G. Yates, 17, Pine St., Blackburn.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. Abbott, 2, New St., Greasbrough, Rotherham; S. Aldred, Abbey St. Works, Ilkeston, Notts; G. H. Allan, 26, Ramsden Dock Rd., Barrow-in-Furness; H. A. Andrews, 4, Belmont Park, Donnybrook, Dublin; Mrs. Atherton, The Beeches, Keele, Staffs.; T. J. Baker, 36, Park Chase, Wembley Park; F. Bebb, 2, Brookdale Rd., Liverpool; Mrs. A. Bridge, 39, Hatfield St., Ipswich; Miss M. Browne, 9, Blacker Rd., N. Birkby, Huddersfield; J. T. Brown; Gt. Brington, Northants; S. Brundrit, 26, Hall St., Cheadle, Ches.; P. J. Burnett, "Orient," St. Chad's Rd., Tilbury; S. Cawkwell, 6, Belvoir Terr., Morton, Gainsborough; W. G. Chapman, 141, Hampton Rd., Southport; C. H. Chattle, Melrose, Hunstanton; P. Petrie, 907, Yoker Road, Yoker, Glasgow.

(Continued on page 25)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you :—

Example :—On Holiday — *Bullet* :—Take Care—Leave Cares.
Example :—Time To Stop — *Bullet* :—Age Wants—Youth Hasn't.
Example :—Why She Was Cross — *Bullet* :—Rescuer Used A Boat-hook.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 534, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 11.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(534) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 11.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(534) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 11.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(534) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 11.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(534) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 535.

THE NEXT GENERATION—NICE WEATHER—WHAT HENPECK SAID—ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE—SEEING THE SIGHTS—ESCAPES NOTICE—AFTER A STRUGGLE—SUNSHINE FAME AND FORTUNE—ALMOST FORGOTTEN—AT HER FEET—A SWINDLE—TIME TO SHOUT—EMPTY PLATE—PROUD OF HER—FOR PEACE—MUCH IN LITTLE—WALKING OUT—THANKS TO PROFITEER—WHAT IS A KISS?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **535** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **535,** John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **534.**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £10, £3, and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 534 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

To leave his bed and shave each morn
made Smithers Robinson forlorn

But now with nimbleness he rises
and shaves with EASY which he prizes

E 136—109a

6d Per Stick

Sold by Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

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